

## COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

FROM THE PICTORIAL WORLD.

THIS cathedral (according to the original plan, which has been fortunately discovered) was destined to be the noblest specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe. It was designed by Archbishop Engelberg, begun by Archbishop Conrad of Hochstetten, called the Solomon of his age, and continued from 1248, until the period of the Reformation.

The cathedral is in the form of a cross, four hundred feet in length, and one hundred and eighty in breadth. The only part that is finished is the choir, with the chapels that surround it. One hundred columns support the nave; the middle ones are forty feet in circumference, but it is only two-thirds of its intended height, and the roof is of wood. Each of the towers was intended to be five hundred feet high, but one has only attained an elevation of two hundred and fifty feet, and that of the other is very trifling. Behind the high altar is the celebrated chapel of the Three Kings in marble, in the Ionic style. Their bones lie in a curiously wrought case of solid silver gilt, with splendid ornaments. On the left side of the choir is the Golden Chamber, with the cathedral treasure. Although in the wars attendant upon the French Revolution, this treasure was much diminished, enough remains to enable the spectator to judge of the enormous wealth with which the metropolitan church of Cologne was endowed.

Although a sum was annually set apart, during the reign of the late King of Prussia, for the restoration of this splendid edifice, it was not until the accession of the present monarch that active measures were taken for this purpose. He is known to have this object much at heart, and had not long ascended the throne before he lay the groundstone of the vast repairs necessary to complete the cathedral. As this imposing ceremony took place about the time that the warlike demonstrations of M. Thiers excited great attention in Germany, the patriotic sentiments of the Protestants came in aid of the religious feelings of the Catholics, and subscriptions poured in from all parts. Since then the enthusiasm has somewhat abated, and the completion of this great work still remains somewhat problematical. The following contains a more recent account of the progress made in it, than has hitherto appeared in England.

The frescoes in the high choir are begun under the direction of Moralt of Munich, from the cartoons of the painter Steinle of Vienna. They represent soaring angels, in each of the high, narrow, triangular spaces between the pointed arches round the choir and the bearers of the choral arch. The space is, however, very unfavorable for their light, soaring forms, as it leaves no room for the development of the wings. The proportion to the architecture and other ornaments of the choir seems somewhat too imposing, so that these parts of the building seem to become narrowed by the paintings; which, however, considered solely as to their own merits, do credit to the artist, and will not fail of producing their effect on the minds of those who love simplicity and pious sentiments in works of art.

Meanwhile the works within and without the cathedral are in active progress, and the arches of the southern cross aisle are already closing in several places. How difficult the problem of completing the cathedral is first became apparent when the architect entered upon the details of the building. It had not been borne in mind that in a work that had been continued through three centuries, many changes of the original plan must of necessity have taken place; and if there still exist persons who are of opinion that the works can be continued according to the original plan, they must soon yield to the conviction that the existing parts of the edifice were in reality erected from different plans. The plan of the towers which has been discovered, belongs manifestly to a later period than the ground-plan of the church, one window of which is actually half destroyed by the former, and parts of the choir are not in harmony with its original character, but evidently the inorganic addition of a later architect. Under these circumstances, it was too much to accuse with such vehemence the present architect Zwirner, and to insist that the original plan should not be deviated from in the completion of the north cross-aisles, a demand founded on the fragment of a column at the part mentioned, but which, in construction and profile, belonged to a later period than that of the original foundation. The dispute was carried on with great bitterness, and at last laid before the king, who confirmed the plans of M. Zwirner. We hope that this dif-

ference will soon pass away, for if such should be repeated, the public sympathy will cool. The unhappy religious disputes, and particularly the zeal of the Catholics against the Gustavus-Adolphus Unions, have already manifestly lessened the national interest in this great work. With the north

cross-aisle, as the south cross-aisle is already considerably above the foundation, the real building begins; and if means are not wanting, it is hoped that in 1848 the whole church will be finished to the height of the aisles, and thus be from within accessible throughout its whole extent.

### THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

[This exquisite piece will doubtless send many a reader to the little volume from which it is taken.\* *The Letters*, the principal poem of the book, is a curiosity of its class: it is simply a narrative of a little matrimonial quarrel, of the most ordinary, and indeed prosaic kind, begun in tears and ending in kisses, yet full of the poetry both of the imagination and the affections. The shorter pieces have the usual amount of grace, simplicity, pathos, and religious feeling by which the muse of Charles Swain commends herself to a wide circle of "the gentle and the good."—*Chambers's Journal*.

On! the old, old clock, of the household stock  
Was the brightest thing and neatest;  
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,  
And its chime rang still the sweetest.  
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,  
Yet they lived, though nations altered;  
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,  
When the voice of friendship faltered!  
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick, to bed—  
For ten I've given warning;  
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,  
You'll never rise soon in the morning!"

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,  
As it stood in the corner smiling,  
And blessed the time with a merry chime,  
The wintry hours beguiling;  
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,  
As it called at daybreak boldly,  
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,  
And the early air blew coldly;  
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, out of bed,  
For five I've given warning;  
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,  
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,  
With a tone that ceases never;  
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,  
And the old friends lost for ever!  
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone  
That warmer beat and younger;  
Its hands still move—though hands we love  
Are clasped on earth no longer!  
"Tick—tick," it said—"to the church-yard bed,  
The grave hath given warning—  
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,  
And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

\* *Letters of Laura d'Auvergne*. By Charles Swain. London: Longman, 1838.

### RESOLUTION.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SHE'LL come to these sequester'd grounds,  
To-day I'll boldly speak—  
Why should I tremble at a child  
So gentle and so meek?

All others greet her joyously:  
I silent pass her by,  
And to the brightest of all stars,  
I dare not raise mine eye.

The buds that 'neath her footsteps bow,  
The birds with warbling clear.  
Proclaim in different ways their love—  
Then why should I know fear?

Through long, long nights I've pray'd and wept.  
Invoking Heaven above;  
And yet to her have feared to breathe  
These simple words, "I love."

I'll lay me down beneath this tree—  
She daily passes here—  
And I will talk as in a dream,  
Of her my heart holds dear.

I will—ah! woe is me, she comes!  
My form she'll surely spy—  
I'll hide behind this shady bush,  
And watch her passing by!

*British Journal*.

INSCRIPTION on a bell at Lapley in Staffordshire:

"I will sound and resound to thee, O Lord,  
To call thy people to thy word."

Pray add the following savory inscriptions to your next list of bell-mottos. The first disgraces the belfry of St. Paul's, Bedford; the second, that of St. Mary's, Islington:

"At proper times my voice I'll raise,  
And sound to my subscribers' praise!"

"At proper times our voices we will raise,  
In sounding to our benefactors' praise!"

The similarity between these two inscriptions favors the supposition that the ancient bell-founders, like some modern enterprising firms, kept a poet on the establishment, *c. g.*

"Thine incomparable oil, Macassar!"  
*Notes and Queries*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.\*

THE volume before us is, perhaps, the most serious attempt which has appeared to solve a question which has vexed the curiosity of mankind from the earliest ages—whether the heavenly bodies are, like our earth, the abodes of rational and accountable creatures.

As it is not pretended that the sense of sight, however exalted by the aid of telescopes, has given any certain or even probable indications of habitation in the moon, our nearest neighbor, and of course far less in the other planets; and as revelation is also absolutely silent on this point our arguments, or rather inferences one way or other, are drawn entirely from analogy or indirect evidence.

It is curious and not unimportant to observe that the preponderance of belief in all ages has been in favor of the Plurality of Worlds, as it is called, and *that* not merely amongst poets and peasants, but amongst philosophers; not merely since the telescope has revealed in the planets so many features analogous to those of our globe, but even whilst they were only discerned by the naked eye as luminous points. The history of this opinion would be a curious one, but our author has scarcely at all touched upon it, and indeed, as we think, prudently, for his object is (notwithstanding that the contrary might be inferred from the title), to refute the opinion that the planets are inhabited by intelligent beings—to maintain that our globe possesses the singular *prestige* of being thus peopled. As, on a point like this—incapable of direct proof, and affording room for an infinity of conjectures—the involuntary prepossession of mankind at large might almost be considered in the light of an argument of some weight, our author, we say, has acted wisely for his object in not analyzing the history of opinions on the subject.

Before attempting a short analysis of the work, we may premise that it is anonymous, a circumstance occasioned probably by a doubt on the part of the author as to the reception it is likely to meet with, especially on the part of the important portion of the community who are likely to consider the authority of Dr. Chalmers as one not easily to be set aside, whose *Astronomical Discourses* contain one of the latest and certainly most popular arguments in favor of the wide diffusion of intelligent beings over the creation of God. On the other hand, he was perhaps unwilling to incur the reproach of scientific men, who commonly look with coldness, or something more, on attempts to

engraft speculations concerning final causes, and things not discoverable by reason and the senses, with the well ascertained parts of natural philosophy. On these points we find the following sentences in the preface:—

All speculations on subjects in which science and religion bear upon each other are liable to one of two opposite charges—that the speculator sets philosophy and religion at variance; or that he warps philosophy into a conformity with religion. It is confidently hoped that no candid reader will bring either of these charges against the present essay. . . . It may, perhaps, be permitted to the author to say that while it appears to him that some of his philosophical conclusions fall in very remarkably with certain points of religious doctrine, he is well aware that philosophy alone can do little in providing man with the consolations, hopes, supports and convictions which religion offers; and he acknowledges it as a ground of deep gratitude to the Author of all good that man is not left to philosophy for those blessings, but has a fuller assurance of them by a more direct communication from him.

The tone of this passage is maintained throughout the work. It is written in a highly reverential spirit. Many persons not unversed in scientific matters may find admissions in it for which they are unprepared; and the author manifests his determination to accept every result with which the revelations of modern science have increased our knowledge of creation, but he does so with the manly conviction of an enlightened believer that Truth can never be averse to Truth, and that if a momentary opposition appear between our readings of Scripture and our readings in the book of Creation, it can only be due to our imperfect interpretation of the one or of the other. They must be reconciled, not by a peremptory denial of the credibility of either, but be treated as Newton treated his doubts and difficulties, by waiting patiently till *more light* is gradually obtained—till the intricate and obscure roll on which are written the dim characters of the past and of the unseen expands under the gentle application of heat and moisture; prematurely torn open it would leave in our violent and too hasty hands but a black heap of charcoal fragments.

We think that we shall best convey an idea of the writer's argument and our opinion upon it by arranging it in a somewhat different order from what we find in the book. We shall therefore consider

I. The argument from astronomy, which, in the natural course of thought, must evidently precede every other. It is only right to state, however, that we consider it as the most vulnerable part of the author's reasoning.

II. The argument from geology.

\* *Of the Plurality of Worlds: an Essay.* London: John W. Parker and Son. 1854.

III. The argument from zoology and the organic sciences.

IV. The argument, *a priori*, from the nature of man and his relation to the Deity.

I. The argument derived from astronomy is evidently the only one of these which pretends to *directness*. It is that which must have weighed with the mass of mankind in all ages; it is also that which we might reasonably expect to be most enhanced by the positive discoveries of the telescope. If even the most sanguine speculator can never hope, by the sense of sight exalted in the highest possible degree by art, himself to see the inhabitants of the moon or planets, if the hope be only a degree less extravagant that we shall one day distinguish traces of their intelligent handiwork, yet a striking resemblance between our earth and the planets in form, motion, material and *furnishing*, would inevitably suggest the probability of a completion of the analogy by the existence at least of animated if not of rational creatures. If, on the other hand, such analogies were wanting—if heavenly bodies should be found having forms wholly unlike the earth, or no definite external form at all, to have no rotation round an axis, or to describe orbits wholly unlike the earth; or to be the sources rather than the recipients of radiant heat, and in a thousand minor details to be evidently unlike rather than similar to our globe, any argument from analogy would fall to the ground.

Our author maintains the argument from *dissimilarity*, whilst previous writers have dwelt upon the manifest analogies of our earth and the planets. Amongst the latter, Dr. Chalmers, in the first and most eloquent of his astronomical discourses, has thus summed up the direct arguments from the telescope. After describing the obvious similarity of their globular figures, their known magnitude and analogous motions in space, he adds:—

It is now ascertained not merely that all of them have their day and night, and that all of them have their vicissitudes of seasons, and that some of them have their moons to rule their night and alleviate the darkness of it. We can see of one [the moon], that its surface rises into mountains and stretches into valleys; of another [Venus] that it is surrounded by an atmosphere which may support the respiration of animals; of a third [Jupiter], that clouds are suspended over it which may minister to it all the bloom and luxuriance of vegetation; and of a fourth [Mars], that a white color spreads over its northern regions as its winter advances, and that on the approach of summer this whiteness is dissipated, giving room to suppose that the element of water abounds in it, that it rises by evaporation into its atmosphere, that it freezes upon application of cold, that it is precipitated

in the form of snow, that it covers the ground with a fleecy mantle which melts away from the heat of a more vertical sun; and that other worlds bear a resemblance to our own in the same yearly round of beneficent and interesting changes.

Our limits alone prevent us from quoting the fine passage immediately succeeding the above, in which the author expatiates on the possible or probable optical revelations of the improved telescope. On this point we admit with regret that the telescope gives slow, uncertain, and often indirect information. We have not merely learnt next to nothing as regards the physical peculiarities of the planets during more than thirty years since Chalmers wrote; but even Sir William Herschel, the ablest and most candid of those who have furnished positive evidence on this most difficult subject, added comparatively little to what was known by the generation immediately succeeding the invention of the telescope. Hevelius and the Cassinis observed with a degree of patience and skill which made up in some measure for the imperfection and unwieldiness of their instruments. In this point of view, then, the writer of 1853 has few facts to reason upon beyond those known to the writer of 1817. Yet he draws a diametrically opposite conclusion. Let us see upon what grounds. We select a few of the more prominent.

The Moon is our nearest neighbor by far. Whilst her material structure evidently resembles to a certain point that of our globe, being diversified by mountains of about the same elevation with those of our globe, and valleys, and whilst this structure has a wonderful and close analogy with the volcanic regions of the earth, our author reasonably insists on the almost unanimous opinion of astronomers, that being without a trace of water or an atmosphere the moon is most likely uninhabited. The large spaces described by the earlier writers as seas were already in the end of the seventeenth century more accurately described as vast dry bottoms, and they are probably of volcanic origin. The absence of moisture may also be inferred from the non-appearance of clouds, which, in the case of our earth, must render vast regions of it visible only by glimpses to a spectator at the moon if such there are. The absence even of dry air to any great amount is rendered probable by certain purely astronomical observations. Of the other objections to the inhabitation of the moon we make less account. The effects of change, whether due to works of art, or the tints of vegetation depending on the season, observation would seem to us not to be sufficiently prolonged or systematic to give us any certainty in detecting. The

changes of season in the moon are too slight and frequent (owing to the slight obliquity of her axis and its not retaining its parallelism in space) to produce a sensible effect, and as to such objects as towns and cities, we must recollect that as the magnifying power of telescopes increases, the light requisite to distinguish such irregularities from the surface on which they are placed diminishes in the same proportion; and the presumption always is that the color of such objects will be nearly that of the surface.

Let us give, however, to the probable absence of water and air their full weight; let us conclude against the habitableness of the moon. But if such be good as a negative argument, it is also good as a positive one. If we find other planets where water and air, evaporation and clouds do appear to exist, we have a contrary argument provided (as it seems to us) of at least equal force as regards the general question.

Now, in the three most conspicuous planets, Venus, Mars, and Jupiter, atmospheres have been detected, and in some of them moving cloud-like masses, such as the belts of Jupiter are supposed to be. That Venus and Mars are uninhabited, our author appears to bring forward not a single analogical proof, except from a previous admission to which he endeavors to gain the reader's assent that Jupiter and Saturn cannot possibly be so. But so acute a reasoner must see that this argument is of little weight: for the proofs he gives of the desolation of Jupiter and Saturn arise from the fact that their condition differs essentially from that of the earth in the very respects (climate, density, size, period of rotation and vicissitude of season) in which Venus and Mars much more closely resemble it. Now the earth we know to be an inhabited planet, Jupiter we *suspect* to be uninhabited; but Venus and Mars are much liker the earth (so far as we know) than to Jupiter; we leave the reader to draw what we conceive to be the fair inference.

Our author has, however (it seems to us), concentrated his powers of argument and persuasion in satisfying us that Jupiter is not inhabited by any other than at most marine animals of a low type; and we must own that he shows so great ingenuity that we find ourselves almost impelled, more by the apparent earnestness of his own conviction than by any one of his arguments, to give at least a tacit submission to his opinion. As the passages are somewhat long we can afford but a few extracts:—

The density of Jupiter, taken as a whole, is about a quarter of the earth's density; less than that of any of the stones which form the crust of the earth; and not much greater than

the density of water. Indeed, it is tolerably certain that the density of Jupiter is not greater than it would be if his entire globe were composed of water, making allowance for the compression which the interior parts would suffer by the pressure of those parts superincumbent. We might, therefore, offer it as a conjecture not quite arbitrary, that Jupiter is a mere sphere of water.

After confirming this conjecture by the coincidence between Jupiter's oblateness and the period of his rotation, and by the existence of the Belts, "conjectured by almost all astronomers to arise from lines of cloud, alternating with tracts comparatively clear, and having their direction determined by currents analogous to our trade winds;" after citing also the admitted fact that bodies are two and a half times heavier at Jupiter's surface than at the earth's, and thence inferring that "such an increase of gravity would be inconsistent with the present constitution and life of the larger terrestrial animals," our author thus proceeds:—

Taking into account, then, these circumstances in Jupiter's state;—his (probably) bottomless waters; his light (if any) solid materials; the strong hand with which gravity presses down such materials as there are; the small amount of light and heat which reaches him at five times the earth's distance from the sun—what kind of inhabitants shall we be led to assign to him? Can they have skeletons where no substance so dense as bone is found, at least in large masses? It would not seem probable. And it would seem they must be dwellers in the waters; for against the existence there of solid land we have much evidence. They must, with so little of light and heat, have a low degree of vitality. They must then, it would seem, be cartilaginous and glutinous masses; peopling the waters with minute forms—perhaps also with floating monsters; for the weight of a bulky creature floating in the fluid would be much more easily sustained than on solid ground. If we are resolved to have such a population, and that they shall live by food, we must suppose that the waters contain at least so much solid matter as is requisite for the sustenance of the lowest classes; for the higher classes of animals will probably find their food in consuming the lower. I do not know whether the advocates of peopled worlds will think such a population as this worth contending for; but I think the only doubt can be between such a population and none. If Jupiter be a mere mass of water, with perhaps a few cinders at the centre, and an envelope of clouds around it, it seems very possible that he may not be the seat of life at all. But if life be there, it does not seem in any way likely that the living things can be anything higher in the scale of being than such boneless, watery, pulpy creatures as I have imagined.

Alas! for the imagined seat of higher in-

telligences; alas! for the glories of the most majestic planet of our heavens, the stern will of the ruthless destroyer has dissipated with no sparing hand the threads on which we hung the net-work of our imagery. No unsentimental housemaid ever made with relentless broom a cleaner sweep of a geometrical cobweb!

Whilst we cannot consign this noble planet to the domination of giant polyps and titanic starfish without a slight remonstrance which we consign to the obscurity of a note,\* we only here add that Saturn, Uranus and Neptune are condemned to the same watery fate with Jupiter, and are tenanted by like creatures. We will not stop to discuss the opinion that the disks of those planets lighter than water are mere gaseous envelopes or atmospheres surrounding a smaller watery nucleus. Our author thus sums up his inferences concerning the solar system:—

\* In assuming Jupiter to be a mass of water on account of his lower density, and a certain approximation to the density of water under compression, our author seems to leave out of account the fact that Saturn is much less dense still (as light as cork), leaving us devoid of any such analogy, and leaving us the alternative of supposing the matter to be solid, but with a porous or cavernous structure, or a fluid lighter than water such as is in no case found except in minute quantities, and then, we believe, always derived from organic bodies on the earth's surface. Of these two suppositions the former seems natural and consistent, the latter forced and improbable. Indeed, there is nothing in which creation shows more boundless resource than in giving varied texture to the same solid ingredients. A fluid sphere also has, in the nature of things, a greater tendency to be rendered dense by the pressure of its parts than a solid one, whose rigidity opposes an additional force to compression besides its elasticity. Let us admit that the belts of Jupiter prove an atmosphere and clouds, this only implies a *terraqueous* globe like our own.

But our author seems himself to have perceived an obvious difficulty to his theory of Jupiter after he had completed it, and adds his defence in a note. It will be seen that all the reasoning as to Jupiter and his inhabitants infers that his mass is *fluid* water. But how shall water remain fluid in a climate so intolerably severe that the author persuades us that it is wholly incapable of sustaining beings possessing the vitality of man, or even the higher orders of brutes? The water then must be *ice*. If so, what become of our polyps and marine monsters? And as ice, a tolerably hard, brittle solid (notwithstanding the plasticity with which modern glacialists endow it), is lighter than water, does not this itself remind us that rareness is no attribute of fluidity, that consistence is congruous with a low density?

. . . . All these phenomena concur in making it appear probable that the earth is placed in that region of the solar system in which the planet-forming powers are most vigorous and potent—between the region of permanent nebulous vapor\* and the region of mere shreds and specks of planetary matter, such as are the satellites and the planetoidal group. And from these views, finally, it follows that the earth is really the largest planetary body in the solar system [can we admit this?] The vast globes of Jupiter and Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, which roll far above her, are still only huge masses of cloud and vapor, water and air. . . . . This region only is fit to be a domestic hearth, a seat of habitation; and in this region is placed the largest solid globe of our system; and on this globe, by a series of creative operations entirely different from any of those which separated the solid from the vaporous, the cold from the hot, the moist from the dry, have been established in succession, plants, animals, and man.

Two of the longest chapters in the work are devoted to the nature of the fixed stars and nebulae, and to the inquiry whether they have planets circulating round and amongst them, which may be the seats of life and intelligence. The grounds for discussing this question are so exceedingly vague and remote, when we have first to presume planets and then to presume inhabitants, that we shall, with due regard to the limits of this article, and to the other arguments we have not yet touched upon, discuss them very summarily. Indeed the main argument in favor of such a conjecture is not properly astronomical but metaphysical, that the realms of space would not be so richly peopled with light-giving bodies if these suns had not planets to warm and illumine, and these planets had not tenants to "bless the useful light." We shall return to this argument presently.

Our author does not, we think, touch on the question of the possibility of the sun being itself inhabited. We know that even philosophers of name have not shrunk from entertaining so startling an hypothesis. Even Sir William Herschel, whose authority and sagacity cannot be questioned, inclined strongly to this belief, and showed how the inhabitants might be screened from the glare of the superincumbent and exterior atmosphere of light and heat. His commentator and biographer, M. Arago, evidently leans to the same opinion, which he considers to be 'almost generally adopted;' whilst he cites in *piquant* contrast the historical fact that one of the first supporters of this (ancient) theory in modern times

\* In allusion to Humboldt's idea, that the zodiacal light is a nebulous disk surrounding the sun.

was a certain Dr. Elliot, who, being charged at the Old Bailey, in 1787, with the murder of a lady, his counsel urged, in proof of *insanity*, his entertaining the very same opinion which, a few years later, Herschel broached in the *Philosophical Transactions*. The story of Dr. Elliot may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that period. Now this curious history may be quoted as a strong proof of the *instinctive* belief of man in the diffusion, if not of his species, at least of its analogues.

The author of *The Plurality of Worlds* (once more we take exception to the title) does not indulge in the easy task of showing the difficulties of such a belief: but proceeds, with his usual ingenuity, to draw arguments from the stores of modern science to throw doubt even on the almost universally admitted similarity of stars to our sun. He adduces their diverse color, and the varying brightness of some of them, their occasional (though exceedingly rare) disappearance from the sky; and the still rarer apparition of others, in proof that things go on in these regions in a turbulent and unsettled manner, unfitted for the stability of planetary systems, or for the well-being of their inhabitants; and with reference to the nebulae, he defends at great length the opinion that they are not (even in the case where they have been apparently "resolved" into stars by powerful telescopes) composed of individual compact luminaries or suns, but of diffuse phosphorescent matter, like the tails of comets—the nearest approach to an absolute chaos which we can well imagine.

We do not deny considerable weight to that argument for a specific nebulous matter, which arises from astronomical reasons for the belief that these strangely congregated bodies are not immeasurably remote from the sphere of the brighter stars, though we think that the author might have allowed more weight to the opinion that the vast majority of stars visible to ordinary telescopes really and closely resemble our sun, even to the fact (the ascertainment of which is one of the most curious and surprising results of the last few years) that the *masses* of the double stars are not very different from that of the sun; whilst the existence of double stars seems not a proof of heterogeneity, as our author believes, but rather of the plenteousness of contrivance delighting in variety as well as in analogy, which is elsewhere in the volume before us so ably defended. The evidence, however, on the main point in question, to be obtained from sidereal worlds, seems so slight and hypothetical, that we should relinquish it without much resistance. The only topic

on which we are really disposed to remonstrate is the through-going adhesion which our author gives (p. 199) not only to the nebular hypothesis as applied by the elder Herschel and Laplace, to the starry world, but by the latter to the evolution of our solar system out of a revolving cloud of solar matter gradually shrinking by cooling and throwing off in the process rings or shreds of matter which ultimately became planets with their revolving train of satellites, and which finally in the last age of the world condensed into the substantial sun, which serenely governs the progeny born of his own body. We own that in an age when science is proverbially chary of unproved hypotheses, the partial acceptance of this strange cosmogony—the wildest imagining which ever emerged from the brain of a mathematician—has appeared to us an unaccountable delusion: whilst we fear that the adhesion to it of a writer whose opinions evidently carry with them no inconsiderable weight, and whose acquaintance with almost all branches of science must be admitted, should give it an additional currency to that which it has (in this country) received from some popular but superficial authors; on the other hand, we derive comfort from the consideration, that in this instance it is a mere *physical* extravagance, and is associated with solid and reverential views of the Divine Providence, with which it has generally hitherto been, in a marked degree, dissociated.

II. We have now dwelt longer than we intended or wished on the part of this remarkable book, from which we most differ and in which we find least to commend; but the importance and directness of the astronomical argument make it quite impossible to pass it lightly by. The remaining arguments, so far as they go, have our hearty assent, and we shall try briefly to state their nature.

The argument from geology is a very ingenious and striking one, and so far as we know, new; and, considered as a *quasi-theological* argument, based on the admission and assumption of periods of geological change, sufficiently vast to satisfy the most docile pupil of Hutton and Lyell, claims especial notice. The fifth chapter contains an able exposition of the results of geological evidence as read by the moderns; the proofs of the absolutely modern appearance of man upon the surface of this earth; of the vast depth and variety of the strata containing the relics of former and different creations of animals which *in succession* have peopled the globe before it contained one rational inhabitant; of the evident slowness with which these formations were individually

built up; the numbers of buried generations of animals contained even in a small depth; and the gradually-increasing simplicity of animal and vegetable forms as we descend, until we approach the very horizon of life, where even the slightest traces of the simplest forms of organic creatures disappear, as the researches of Sir Roderick Murchison demonstrate. All this is described with great power and conciseness, and the irresistible conclusion is urged with the force of demonstration, that these successive formations, complete in themselves, and almost distinct as regards their entombed relics from those adjoining, represent in the great chronology of our globe periods each as vast, many of them probably much vaster than that throughout which man and the lower tribes, as they now exist, have peopled the new surface of the grass-grown grave-yard on which they tread; indeed their past sojourn appears incomparably the shortest period of all; since the interments of existing species scarcely penetrate *skin-deep* the crust of this mighty earth of ours. We must refer to the chapter itself for an interesting exposition of these great facts, coupled with a resolute espousal of the principle that the diverse population of successive strata must have been introduced *per saltum*, or less probably by a graduated dropping in of new species, by a process inexplicable, inconceivable, by any process of which man has had experience as a "law of nature," and which we can only ascribe to an immediate interposition of the Creator.

The admission of these facts as facts is not new, even among divines; and it deserves notice that that manly thinker, Thomas Chalmers, was really the first, who, years before *Bridgewater Treatises* were thought of,\* and before the geological argument had attained anything like the force and completeness it now has, happily reconciled the narrative of Moses and the demonstrated truths of science, by admitting the existence of a period of indefinite extent between the state of things described in the two first verses of Genesis as existing "in the beginning," and the commencement of the mighty series of creative works recorded in the third and following verses.

All this being so, the application made by our essayist of these admissions to the question of the limits of a rational population in the universe of God, is to the following effect:—The earth is indeed but a point in space; yet why should it not be the sole abode of man? For man's abode here is as short compared to the existence of the earth,

\* This was pointed out to the writer of this article by Dr. Chalmers himself in an old volume of (he believes) the *Christian Instructor*.

and even its habitation by other races, as the dimensions of our globe are small compared to the celestial spaces. If the end of the universe be that man alone should dwell in every part of it, and enjoy it; if the marvels of creation are anomalies unless there be rational beings to behold them, how reconcile this to the unquestionable truth that during countless ages no being more intelligent than the lizard or the tortoise peopled this planet or rejoiced in the providential care of its Maker?

But let our author speak for himself. Comparing the scales of Time and Space, he says:—

If, for the sake of giving definiteness to our notions, we were to assume that the numbers which express the antiquity of these four periods—the present organic condition of the earth; the tertiary period of geologists, which preceded that; the secondary period, which was anterior to that; and the primary period, which preceded the secondary, were on the same scale as the numbers which express these four magnitudes: the magnitude of the earth; that of the solar system as compared to the earth; the distance of the nearest fixed stars, compared with the solar system, and the distance of the most remote nebule compared with the nearest fixed stars—there is in the evidence which geological science offers nothing to contradict such an assumption.

After an interesting discussion, into which we cannot here enter, tending to show the immeasurable and ungraduated superiority of the human race to the lower animals, rendering "the human epoch of the earth's history different from all other epochs," the absence of "progression" in human nature, and various kindred topics, he thus proceeds:—

Here, then, we are brought to the view which, it would seem, offers a complete reply to the difficulty which astronomical discoveries appeared to place in the way of religion: the difficulty of the opinion that man, occupying this speck of earth, which is but as an atom in the universe, surrounded by millions of other globes, larger, and to appearance nobler than that which he inhabits, should be the object of his peculiar care and guardianship, of the favor and government of the Creator of All, in the way in which religion teaches that He is. For we find that man has occupied but an atom of time, as he has occupied but an atom in space; that, as he is surrounded by myriads of globes which may, like this, be the habitation of living things, so he has been preceded on this earth by myriads of generations of living things, not possibly or probably only, but certainly; and yet that, comparing his history with theirs, he has been—certainly has been fitted to be—the object of the care and guardianship, of the favor and government of the master and governor of all, in a manner entirely different from anything which it is possible to believe

with regard to the countless generations of brute creatures which had gone before him.

. . . If the planets *may* have seats of life, we know that the seas, which have given birth to our mountains, *were* the seats of life. If the stars may have hundreds of systems of tenanted planets rolling round them, we know that the secondary group of rocks does contain hundreds of tenanted beds witnessing of as many systems of organic creation. If the nebula may be planetary systems in the course of formation, we know that the primary and transition rocks either show us the earth in the course of formation, as the future seat of life, or exhibit such life as already begun.

One other short extract from this interesting and powerfully-written sixth chapter, and we must pass on:—

The analogy of nature [from geological history] appears to be that there should be inferior as well as superior provinces in the universe, and that the inferior may occupy an immensely larger portion of time than the superior; why not, then, of space? The intelligent part of creation is thrust into the compass of a few years in the course of myriads of ages; why not, then, into the compass of a few miles in the expanse of systems? . . . If the earth was for ages a turbid abyss of lava and of mud, why may not Mars or Saturn be so still? If the germs of life were gradually and at long intervals inserted in the terrestrial slime, why may they not be just inserted or not yet inserted in Jupiter? . . . We say, therefore, that the example of geology refutes the argument drawn from the supposed analogy of one part of the universe with another, and suggests a strong suspicion that the force of analogy better known may tend in the opposite direction.

III. The argument from zoology, and other organic sciences inquires how far we are entitled to extend the argument for Design, upon which natural theologians justly rest so much, from the condition of our earth to the conditions of the other planets, from the ends and purposes which the providential arrangements of our globe present, to infer ends and purposes in the formation of other globes having a general similarity to ours. The organic sciences which have ever been justly considered in the first rank as proving design, may fairly be cited in evidence as to the degree of analogy existing between one part and another of the same group of natural objects. The whole discussion of the eleventh chapter merits notice, and is probably the most interesting and original in the book before us. It is written with great vigor and eloquence, and even if it should fail to convince any as to the immediate question of the Plurality of Worlds, it cannot, we think, be otherwise than highly profitable to those who wish to derive from natural theology its

proper and reasonable (though limited) aid, in the understanding of divine truth, and who are willing for this purpose to study nature and its laws as they really find them, and not, with a short-sighted policy to select what suits their foregone conclusions, and shuffle away the rest.

Who knows the design of the universe as it existed in the mind of Omnipotence, when

He took the golden compasses . . . . .  
. . . . . to circumscribe

This universe and all created things?

How vain the hope to fathom mysteries so inscrutable! Some fragments, indeed, of the great design, some of the more immediate and special adaptations of means to their ends, are disclosed with perfect and convincing evidence. The eye to see, and the ear to hear, and the mind of man to know, these are proofs of Divine intention which appeal with almost equal force to the intellect of the child and the philosopher; and it has often seemed to us that the most labored arguments go little farther. How easy, on the other hand, to confront every fact for which we can account by our miserably imperfect understanding of what is wise, and fit, and desirable, by others which are not only absolutely unintelligible to us, but which go in direct contradiction to man's mode of effecting his ends? Fontenelle, in his entertaining *Dialogues on the Plurality of Worlds*, relates how Alphonso, king of Castile, a more ardent than pious astronomer, declared that such was the intricacy of the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies, he could himself have recommended a simpler and better plan of the universe. This was some 600 years since; but every age has its Alphonso. The complication which he fancied, proved to be only in his own mind, and in the imperfect knowledge of his age. Copernicus removed most of it—Kepler more; Newton demonstrated that an undreamed of harmony pervaded the whole; and Newton's successors down to the passing year, have discovered, in the midst of seeming diversity and irregularity, proofs not only of a fundamental simplicity of law but of a self-correcting adaptation, which insures unlimited stability and permanence in a system of which old Alphonso desired to have the mending. Each age judges of the Almighty's works by the measure of its partial apprehension. We fancy an end which He must have had in view when He made the world; it may be Utility, or Simplicity, or Happiness. All these, no doubt, are ends, or means to ends. "Lo! these are parts of His ways;" but are they, can they possibly be (consistently with what we see

around us), each a single and absorbing end? They are *parts* of the great design; but what is the great design?

Such inquiries and reflections as these are embodied in the portion of the work relative to organic creation which we are now considering. The design of the greatest possible utility, the greatest possible simplicity, the greatest possible happiness, is commonly assumed as the basis of reasoning about the populousness of space. The inquiry as to how far the admission of such final causes as these is applicable to other and more accessible parts of creation is here discussed. Do we not find in the arrangements of animals and plants means introduced which result in no end of visible usefulness, and certain results which appear to us pernicious rather than the reverse? Do we not find prodigality, such as man would call waste and elaboration, where we should prefer simplicity? Are there not ends unseen and unimagined by us which have guided the plans of creation—the designs of the Creator?

The beautiful contrivances (says our author) which exist in the skeleton of man, and the contrivances possessing the same kind of beauty in the skeleton of a sparrow, do not appear to any reasonable person less beautiful because the skeleton of a man and of a sparrow have an agreement bone for bone, for which we see no reason, and which appears to us to answer no purpose.

The fine design of the human hand and arm is not less admirable, he goes on to say, because we trace it in a rudimentary and abortive shape in the pig, horse, or seal; or the provision for suckling in the female, because we find analogous manifestations in the *cetacea* and in male animals, where it is absolutely useless, so far as we see.

Why should so large a portion of the animal kingdom, intended, as it seems, for such different fields of life and modes of living,—beasts, birds and fishes,—still have a skeleton of the same plan, and even of the same parts, bone for bone? . . . We cannot tell. . . . We must be content to say that we do not know, and therefore to leave this feature in the structure of animals out of our argument for design. . . . That plan is not of itself a proof of design; it is something in addition to the proofs of design; a general law of the animal creation, established, it may be, for some other reason.

Since this extraordinary feature of a uniform plan is common, not only to the animal creation as it now is, but to those previous creations which heralded the present order of things, an argument of providential forethought—*design* it may surely be called, though it be one inscrutable by man

—thence arises, which in point of interest yields to none in the whole range of natural theology. It is thus stated by Professor Owen—

The recognition of an ideal exemplar for the vertebrated animals proves that the knowledge of such a being as man must have existed before man appeared. For the divine mind which planned the archetype also foreknew all its modifications. The archetypal idea was manifested in the flesh under divers modifications upon this planet long prior to the existence of those animal species which actually exemplify it.

We shall now see how our author applies these considerations to the case in hand. We must select one or two from the ingenious and forcible illustrations which crowd the latter pages of his volume. Here is the answer to the general and most plausible argument for the "Plurality," arising from the analogous form, position, and motions of the other planets to our own:—

In the plan of creation we have a profusion of examples where similar visible structures do not answer a similar purpose; where, so far as we can see, the structure answers no purpose in many cases, but exists, as we may say, for the sake of similarity, the similarity being a general law, the result, it would seem, of a creative energy, which is wider in its operation than the particular purpose. Such examples are, as we have said, the finger-bones which are packed into the hoofs of a horse, or the paps and nipples of a male animal. Now, the spectator recollecting such cases, might say, I know that the earth is inhabited; no doubt Mars and Jupiter are a good deal like the earth, but are they inhabited? They look like the terrestrial breast of nature; but are they really nursing breasts? Do they, like that, give food to living offspring? Or are they mere images of such breasts?—male teats, dry of all nutritive power?—sports, or rather over-works of nature; marks of a wider law than the needs of mother earth require? Many sketches of a design, of which only one was to be executed? Many specimens of the preparatory process of making a planet of which only one was to be carried out into the making of a world? Such questions might naturally occur to a person acquainted with the course of creation in general; even before he remarked the features which tend to show that Jupiter and Saturn, that Venus and Mercury have not been developed into peopled worlds like our earth.

If it now be objected that nature never works in vain; that so many failures could not be needed by the inexperience of the Divine Architect; that to suppose them is to stigmatize the admirable sufficiency of the means always at His command with the imperfection ever attending human endeavor. How shall we answer such an objection?

"We reply," says our reasoner, "that to

work in vain in the sense of producing means of life which are not used, embryos which are never vivified, germs which are not developed, is so far from being contrary to the usual proceedings of nature, that it is an operation which is constantly going on in every part of nature." A single fish, it has been calculated, spawns two hundred millions of eggs, which, if all vivified, as, by the laws of nature, they seemingly might be, would people liberally the entire oceans of the world with that species. So of the seeds of plants. "When we see a field of thistles shed its downy seeds upon the wind, so that they roll away like a cloud, what a vast-host of possible thistles are they!" Mercifully the primitive curse of the ground is tempered by the natural law, abating productiveness and vitality. So, still more conspicuous is the "portentous" prolificness of insects, which, if matured, would render the earth unendurable as a habitation; but of which "incomparably the greatest number end as they began, mere ovules, marks of mere possibility, of vitality frustrated."

So far, then, as this analogy goes, if the earth alone of all the planetary harvest has been a fertile seed of creation—if the terrestrial embryo have alone been evolved in life, while all the other masses have remained barren and dead—we have in this nothing which we need regard as an unprecedented waste, an improbable prodigality, an unusual failure in the operations of nature; but, on the contrary, such a single case of success among many of failure, is exactly the order of nature in the production of life. It is quite agreeable to analogy that the solar system, of which the *flowers* are not many, should have borne but one *fertile* flower. One in eight, or in twice eight, reared into such wondrous fertility as belongs to the earth, is an abundant produce, compared with the result in the most fertile provinces of nature. And even if any number of the fixed stars were also found to be barren flowers of the sky—objects, however beautiful, yet not sources of life or development, we need not think the powers of creation wasted or frustrated, thrown away or perverted. One such fertile result as the earth, with all its hosts of plants and animals, and especially with man—an intelligent being to stand at the head of those hosts—is a worthy and sufficient produce, so far as we can judge of the Creator's ways by analogy of all but universal scheme.

We need not stop to point out what there is of misleading and even of dangerous in analogies gathered from organic life with reference to cosmical arrangements; for the author devotes a paragraph to the subject which we have not room to quote. We have, perhaps, succeeded in giving some idea of the kind of reasoning employed in this part of the work, which we conceive is not only interesting as to the immediate ques-

tion, but also as freeing the general argument of natural theology from some of the shackles with which it has commonly been trammelled. We had marked several other passages of this eleventh chapter for quotation, but find we must refer the reader to the work itself.

IV. The argument *à priori* as to the populousness of space derived from the nature of man and his relation to the Deity is not separated in the essay before us from the other arguments; indeed we must repeat that we have to a certain extent re-arranged the matter with a view to its more concise exposition. Of this last argument we shall speak briefly, not only because of our lessening space, but also of its more technically theological character. It might again be subdivided into two, as bearing on Natural Religion and on Revelation. It is the latter of these considerations which has chiefly been dwelt upon by Dr. Chalmers in his well-known astronomical discourses, of which (unexpectedly we own) our opinion has been enhanced rather than the contrary on a fresh perusal. The fallen state of man, and the astonishing provision of Omnipotent love and mercy for his restoration, unquestionably offer a barrier in the way of extending the analogy of the population of our planet to the populations of other planets or systems. On the other hand, admitting that populousness as a fact, it has been urged by freethinkers as an objection to the credibility of the Christian revelation. Dr. Chalmers, admitting the plurality of worlds, denies the force of the infidel's objection; our author, aiming to show the baselessness or extreme dubiety of the belief in that as a physical fact, of course cuts away the ground under the same objection; and pushing his reasoning a step farther, assumes at once the truth of Christianity, and draws therefrom a confirmation of the physical doctrine which he upholds.

The argument from Natural Religion, again, is based on the infinite (literally infinite) superiority of importance of the human soul above all and every other creature of the whole universe. A man stands altogether apart from the brute creation. There is (morally speaking) no gradation whatever from the one to the other. Man's eternal destinies, and even his intellectual and spiritual nature (it is argued) are endowments so unique that we may well believe that they have not been squandered with the profuseness which we witness in the distribution of physical forces, of light for example, or even of mere brute life. Man by his nature was meant to be, and evidently is, the special care and concern of his Maker, "of more value than many sparrows," and the mere

fact of his presence on this earth would alone be sufficient to give it a pre-eminence in creation over millions of globes, even were they analogous to it in all except this crowning and distinguishing peculiarity.

We find a difficulty in selecting passages within a reasonable compass which should give a just idea of the author's reasoning as contained in the earlier and also in the final chapters of his work. But we may make a few extracts in illustration:

If we regarded merely the existence of unprogressive races of animals on our globe, we might easily suppose that other globes, also, are similarly tenanted; and we might infer that the Creator and upholder of animal life was active on these globes in the same manner as upon ours. But when we come to a progressive creature, whose condition implies a beginning, and therefore suggests an end, we form a peculiar judgment with respect to the case of that creature, which we have not, as yet, seen the slightest ground to extend to other possible fields of existence where we discern no indications of progress, of beginning or of end. So far as we can judge, God is mindful of man; and has launched and governed his course in a certain path which makes his lot and state different from that of all other creatures.

And again:

If God have placed upon the earth a creature who can so far sympathize with him—if we may venture on the expression—who can raise his intellect into some accordance with the Creative Intellect, and that not once only, or by a few steps, but through an indefinite gradation of discoveries, more and more comprehensive, more and more profound, each an advance, however slight, towards a Divine Insight—then, so far as intellect alone (and we are here speaking of intellect alone) can make a man a worthy object of all the vast magnificence of Creative power, we can hardly shrink from believing that he is so.

We shall conclude with the following impressive observations:

The workmanship which is employed on mere matter is, after all, of small account, in the eyes of intellectual and moral creatures, when compared with the creation and government of

intellectual and moral creatures. The majesty of God does not reside in planets and stars, in orbs and systems, which, after all, are only stone and vapor, materials and means. If, as we believe, God has not only made the material world, but has made and governs man, we need not regret to have to depress any portion of the material world below the place which we had previously assigned to it; for when all is done, the material world *must* be put in an inferior place compared with the world of mind. If there be a world of mind, *that*, according to all that we can conceive, must have been better worth creating, must be more worthy to exist as an object of care in the eyes of the Creator than thousands and millions of stars and planets, even if they were occupied by a myriad times as many brute animals as have lived upon the earth since its vivification. In saying this we are only echoing the common voice of mankind, uttered, as it so often is, by the tongues of poets. One such speaks of stellar systems:

Behold this midnight splendor, worlds on worlds,  
Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand more—  
Then weigh the whole: one soul outweighs them all,  
And calls the seeming vast magnificence  
Of unintelligent creation, poor.

And as this is true of intelligence, with the suggestion which that faculty so naturally offers of the unextinguishable nature of mind, so it is true of the moral nature of man. . . . The thoughts of rights and obligations, duty and virtue, of law and liberty, of country and constitution, of the glory of our ancestors, the elevation of our fellow-citizens, the freedom, and happiness, and dignity of posterity—are thoughts which belong to a world, a race, a body of beings, of which any one individual with the capacities which such thoughts imply is more worthy of account than millions of millions of mollusks and belemnites, lizards and fishes, sloths and pachyderms diffused through millions of worlds.

In conclusion, we think that this book, whether or not it may be considered as convincing on the main question discussed, must be read with interest and instruction. The enlarged views which it presents as to the scheme or design of Creation, will engage the attention of many persons who are repelled by the unwise timidity of some writers on the connexion of religion with scientific discovery.

THE WRITERS FOR THE TIMES.—Went with Barnes to his own room, and drew up my paragraph, while he wrote part of an article for next day. Says that he writes himself as little as possible, finding that he is much more useful as a superintendent of the writings of others. The great deficiency he finds among his people is not a want of cleverness, but of common sense. There is not one of them (and he included himself in the number) that can be trusted writing often or long on the same subject; they are sure to get bewildered on it.—*Moore's Diary.*

The popular legend as to the extraordinary value of farthings of Queen Anne is well known. The fact is, that no copper money was issued during her reign, but farthings were struck as patterns, without any issue ensuing. These pieces are, notwithstanding, not excessively rare.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle has written to the New-York Mercantile Library Association that he is unable, in consequence of previously-accepted engagements, to visit America the present season.

From Chambers' Repository.

## WILLIAM COBBETT.

IN the second year of George III.'s reign, when Edmund Burke was editing the *Annual Register* at a salary of £50 a year—when Dr. Johnson's friends were busily at work urging ministers to obtain a pension for him from the amiable young monarch—when Horace Walpole was entertaining his numerous correspondents with that delightful gossip about the new court and young Queen Charlotte, which, after nearly a century, still preserves its charm—when William Pitt was learning the alphabet, and Charles James Fox was making Latin verses at Eton, little dreaming of the important part which he and his young rival were destined to play in the world's history—in the spring of that year (1762), in a small cottage in the town of Farnham, in Surrey, William Cobbett, one of the most remarkable self-taught men of whom England can boast, first saw the light. "With respect to my ancestors," he says, in his *Adventures of Peter Porcupine*, "I shall go no further back than my grandfather; and for this plain reason—that I never heard talk of any prior to him. He was a day-laborer; and I have heard my father say that he worked for one farmer from the day of his marriage to that of his death—upwards of forty years. He died before I was born; but I have often slept beneath the same roof that had sheltered him, and where his widow dwelt for several years after his death. It was a little thatched cottage, with a garden before the door. It had but two windows—a damson-tree shaded one and a clump of filberts the other. Here I and my brothers went every Christmas and Whitsuntide to spend a week or two, and torment the poor old woman with our noise and dilapidations. She used to give us milk and bread for breakfast, an apple-pudding for our dinner, and a piece of bread and cheese for supper. Her fire was made of turf, cut from the neighboring heath, and her evening light was a rush dipped in grease.

"My father, when I was born, was a farmer. The reader will easily believe, from the poverty of his parents, that he had received no very brilliant education; he was, however, learned for a man in his rank of life. When a little boy, he drove the plough for twopence a day; and these, his earnings, were appropriated to the expenses of an evening-school. What a village schoolmaster could be expected to teach, he had learned, and had besides considerably improved himself in several branches of the mathematics. He understood land-surveying well, and was often chosen to draw the plans of disputed

territory; in short, he had the reputation of possessing experience and understanding, which never fails in England to give a man in a country place some little weight with his neighbors. He was honest, industrious and frugal; it was not, therefore, wonderful that he should be situated in a good farm, and happy in a wife of his own rank, like him beloved and respected.

"A father like ours, it will be readily supposed, did not suffer us to eat the bread of idleness. I do not remember the time when I did not earn my living. My first occupation was driving the small birds from the turnip-seed, and the rooks from the pease. When I first trudged a field, with my wooden bottle and my satchel swung over my shoulders, I was hardly able to climb the gates and stiles; and at the close of the day, to reach home was a task of infinite difficulty. My next employment was weeding wheat, and leading a single horse at harrowing barley. Hoeing pease followed; and hence I arrived at the honor of joining the reapers in harvest, driving the team, and holding the plough. We were all of us strong and laborious; and my father used to boast that he had four boys, the eldest of whom was but fifteen years old, who did as much work as any three men in the parish of Farnham. Honest pride, and happy days! I have some faint recollection of going to school to an old woman, who, I believe, did not succeed in learning me my letters. In the winter evenings, my father learned us all to read and write, and gave us a pretty tolerable knowledge of arithmetic. Grammar he did not perfectly understand himself, and therefore his endeavors to learn us that necessarily failed; for though he thought he understood it, and though he made us get the rules by heart, we learned nothing at all of the principles.

"Our religion was that of the Church of England, to which I have ever remained attached; the more so, perhaps, as it bears the name of my country. As to its politics, we were like the rest of the country people in England; that is to say, we neither knew nor thought anything about the matter. The shouts of victory, or the murmurs at a defeat, would now and then break in upon our tranquillity for a moment; but I do not remember ever having seen a newspaper in the house; and, most certainly, that privation did not render us less industrious, happy, or free. After, however, the American war had continued for some time, and the cause and nature of it began to be understood, or rather misunderstood, by the lower classes of the people in England, we became a little better acquainted with subjects of this kind. It is well known that the people

were, as to numbers, nearly equally divided in their opinions concerning that war, and their wishes respecting the result of it. My father was a partisan of the Americans; he used frequently to dispute on the subject with the gardener of a nobleman who lived near us. This was generally done with good humor over a pot of our best ale; yet the disputants sometimes grew warm, and gave way to language that could not fail to attract our attention. My father was worsted, without doubt, for he had for an antagonist a shrewd and sensible old Scotchman, far his superior in political knowledge; but he pleaded before a partial audience; we thought there was but one wise man in the world, and that that one was our father."

As he was in no humor, while writing his *Life of Peter Porcupine*, to indulge in much detail regarding the incidents of his boyhood, he skips over the whole of that period in a single sentence. "It would be as useless as unentertaining," he says, "to dwell on the occupations and sports of a country-boy; to lead the reader to fairs, cricket-matches, and hare-hunts." Under this impression, therefore, he takes a jump forward to 1782, when he must have been twenty years old. Of his early tastes and habits, however—his love of gardening and of a country life, for example, which he always hankered after—we have many delightful reminiscences in almost every one of his books, and not unfrequently even in the midst of some of his most furious articles in the *Political Register*. "From my very infancy," he says, in the preface to *A Year's Residence in America*, "from the age of six years, when I climbed up the side of a steep sand-rock, and there scooped me out a plot four feet square to make me a garden, and the soil for which I carried up in the bosom of my little blue smock-frock or hunting-shirt, I have never lost one particle of my passion for these healthy and rational and heart-cheering pursuits, in which every day presents something new, in which the spirits are never suffered to flag, and in which industry, skill, and care, are sure to meet with their due reward. I have never, for any eight months together during my whole life, been without a garden." This love of gardening, which shows itself in many a part of his writings, especially in the *Rural Rides*, he traces to the home education he had received. He was brought up under a father whose talk was chiefly about his garden and his fields, with regard to which he was famed for his skill and neatness. The character of the district in which he was born and bred must have had also no small influence in strengthening his horticultural tendencies. He never tires of sounding the

praises of the hop-gardens of Farnham. The neatest in England, if not in the whole world. "All there is a garden. The neat culture of the hop extends its influence to the fields round about. Hedges cut with shears, and every other mark of skill and care strike the eye at Farnham, and become fainter and fainter as you go from it in every direction." His first start from home, at the early age of eleven, as he describes in the following passage, which occurs in an *Address to the Reformers*, published in 1820, was inspired by a determination to see Kew Gardens, of which he had heard such a description as left him no rest until he had gone and seen that collection of horticultural marvels.

"At eleven years of age, my employment was clipping of box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the castle of Farnham. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens; and the gardener, who had just come from the King's garden at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen half-pence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went from place to place, inquiring my way thither. A long day—it was in June—brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two penny-worth of bread and cheese, and a penny-worth of small-beer, which I had on the road, and a half-penny which I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written: 'Tale of a Tub; price 3d.' The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the threepence, but then I could have no supper. In I went and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read, that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew Garden, where there stood a haystack; on the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had read before, it was something so new to my mind, that though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description; and it produced what I have always considered a birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer I put my little book in my pocket, and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew

Gardens awakened me in the morning, when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manner, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotchman, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work. And it was during the period that I was at Kew, that the present king (George IV.) and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress, while I was sweeping the grass-plot round the foot of the pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening books to read; but these I could not relish after my *Tale of a Tub*, which I carried about with me wherever I went; and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds. This circumstance, trifling as it was, and childish as it may seem to relate it, has always endeared the recollection of Kew to me."

What a pity that he did not leave us a few more such reminiscences of that period, trifling as he professed to consider them! After this delightful picture of his journey to Kew, we lose sight of him entirely for a number of years. How long he remained in the royal gardens, or how he was received when he went back to Farnham, has never been recorded. The next glimpse we have of young Cobbett is after he has arrived at manhood, in the autumn of 1782.

Having gone to visit a relation who lived in the neighborhood of Portsmouth, he first beheld the sea from the top of Portsdown, and immediately felt a strong desire to become a sailor. He could never account for this sudden impulse, except on the hypothesis that "almost all English boys feel the same inclination: it would seem that, like young ducks, instinct leads them to rush on the bosom of the water." But it was not the view of the ocean alone which had such an electric effect upon young Cobbett. "The grand fleet was riding at anchor at Spithead. I had heard of the wooden walls of Old England; I had formed my ideas of a ship and of a fleet; but what I now beheld so far surpassed what I had ever been able to form a conception of, that I stood lost between astonishment and admiration. I had heard talk of the glorious deeds of our admirals and sailors, of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and of all those memorable combats that good and true Englishmen never fail to relate to their children about a hundred times a year. The brave Rodney's victories over our natural enemies, the French and Spaniards, had been the theme

of our praise and the burden of our songs." [This was written in 1796.] "My heart was inflated with national pride. The sailors were my countrymen, the fleet belonged to my country, and surely I had my part in it, and in all its honors; yet these honors I had not earned. I took to myself a sort of reproach for possessing what I had no right to, and resolved to have a just claim by sharing in the hardships and dangers."

He arrived at his uncle's late in the evening, full of his seafaring project. He had walked thirty miles that day, and consequently was somewhat tired; but, fatigued as he was, his brain was too busy with the naval panorama he had seen that afternoon to let him fall asleep. No sooner was it daylight, than he rose and walked down to the beach, got into a boat, and in a few minutes was on board the *Pegasus* man-of-war. According to Cobbett's own account, the captain, who had more compassion than is generally met with in men of his profession, tried to persuade him to go home, representing the service as a very toilsome and perilous one; but these arguments made very little impression upon him. He had resolved to become a sailor whatever the toil or danger, and accordingly he made an attempt to get his name enrolled in another vessel. There, also, the captain was unwilling to receive him, and he was forced to wend his way home to Farnham, which he did very reluctantly. He returned once more to the plough, but he was spoiled for a farmer. Previous to his Portsmouth adventure, he had known no other ambition than that of surpassing his brothers in the different labors of the field; but that was all over now. "I sighed for a sight of the world," he says. "The little island of Britain seemed too small a compass for me. The things in which I had taken the most delight were neglected; the singing of the birds grew insipid; and even the heart-cheering cry of the hounds, after which I formerly used to fly from the work, bound o'er the fields, and dash through the brakes and coppices, was heard with the most torpid indifference." Out of this unfortunate state of mind, the most common mode of escape is to run away from home once more, and this appears to have been the course adopted by Cobbett, a few months after his visit to Portsmouth.

"It was on the 6th of May, 1783, that I, like Don Quixote, sallied forth to seek adventures. I was dressed in my holiday clothes, in order to accompany two or three lasses to Guildford Fair. They were to assemble at a house, about three miles from my home, where I was to attend them; but, unfortunately for me, I had to cross the Lou-

don turnpike-road. The stage-coach had just turned the summit of a hill, and was rattling down towards me at a merry rate. The notion of going to London never entered my mind till this very moment, yet the step was completely determined on before the coach came to the spot where I stood. Up I got, and was in London about nine o'clock in the evening. It was by mere accident that I had money enough to defray the expenses of this day. Being rigged out for the fair, I had three or four crowns and half-crown pieces (which most certainly I did not intend to spend), besides a few shillings and half-pence. This, my little all, which I had been years in amassing, melted away like snow before the sun when touched by the fingers of the innkeepers and their waiters. In short, when I arrived at Ludgate Hill, and paid my fare, I had but about half-a-crown in my pocket."

Fortunately for the young adventurer, he had fallen into conversation with one of the passengers on the coach, a hop-merchant from Southwark, who had often dealt with his father at Weyhill. Taking an interest in the friendless youth, he invited him to his house, which he was told to look upon as his home till something would turn up. But before taking any steps to obtain employment for him, he wrote to Cobbett's father, letting him know where his son was, and endeavored to persuade him to obey his father's order, that he should return home instantly. Cobbett confesses that he would willingly have done so, but for that false pride which, under similar circumstances, so frequently overcomes the sense of duty, and the natural impulse of affection. "It was the first time I had ever been disobedient," he says, "and I have repented of it from that moment to this." The gentleman who had taken him under his protection, finding that his obstinacy could not be overcome, obtained a situation for him as copying clerk with a Mr. Holland, a solicitor in Gray's Inn, where he passed nearly a year in wretched drudgery, according to his own graphic description.

"No part of my life has been totally unattended with pleasure, except the eight or nine months I passed in Gray's Inn. The office—for so the dungeon where I wrote was called—was so dark that, on cloudy days, we were obliged to burn candle. I worked like a galley-slave from five in the morning till eight or nine at night, and sometimes all night long. How many quarrels have I assisted to foment, and perpetuate between those poor innocent fellows, John Doe and Richard Roe! How many times—God forgive me!—have I set them to assault each other with guns, swords, staves, and pitch-

forks, and then brought them to answer for their misdeeds before our sovereign lord the king, seated in his court of Westminster! When I think of the saids and soforths, and the counts of tautology that I scribbled over—when I think of those sheets of seventy-two words, and those lines two inches apart, my brain turns. Gracious Heaven! if I am doomed to be wretched, bury me beneath Iceland snows, and let me feed on blubber; stretch me under the burning line, and deny me thy propitious dew; nay, if it be thy will, suffocate me with the infected and pestilential air of a democratic club-room; but save me from the desk of an attorney!

"Mr. Holland was but little in the chambers himself. He always went out to dinner, while I was left to be provided for by the laundress, as he called her. Those gentlemen of the law who have resided in the Inns of Court in London, know very well what a laundress means. Ours was, I believe, the oldest and ugliest of the sisterhood. She had age and experience enough to be lady-abbess of all the nuns in all the convents of Irish Town. It would be wronging the Witch of Endor to compare her to this hag, who was the only creature that deigned to enter into conversation with me. All except the name, I was in prison, and this weird sister was my keeper. Our chambers were to me what the subterraneous cavern was to Gil Blas; his description of the Dame Leonarda exactly suited my laundress; nor were the professions, or rather the practice, of our master altogether dissimilar."

It was not surprising that he should have at last made up his mind to escape from a mode of life which must have been purgatory to one who had previously been occupied in rural employment. The only wonder is, that a spirited young fellow should have endured it so long as he seems to have done. In the spring of 1784, while walking in St James's Park one Sunday, as was his custom, to feast his eyes "with the sight of the trees, the grass, and the water," he saw an advertisement "inviting all loyal young men who had a mind to gain riches and glory, to repair to a certain rendezvous, where they might enter into his majesty's marine service, and have the peculiar happiness and honor of being enrolled in the Chatham Division." As he still retained the desire to go to sea, and as he knew that the marines spend most of their time on that element, he took the shilling; but without making due inquiry, as he found that he had enlisted in a marching regiment, the 54th, the head-quarters of which were at that time in Nova Scotia.

"As peace had then taken place, no great haste was made to send recruits off to their

regiments. I remained upwards of a year at Chatham, during which time I was employed in learning my exercise, and taking my turn in the duty of the garrison. My leisure time, which was a very considerable portion of the twenty-four hours, was spent not in the dissipations common to such a way of life, but in reading and study. In the course of this year I learned more than I had ever done before. I subscribed to a circulating library at Brompton, the greatest part of the books in which I read more than once over. The library was not very considerable, it is true, nor in my reading was I directed by any degree of taste or choice. Novels, plays, history, poetry, all were read, and nearly with equal avidity.

"Such a course of reading could be attended with but little profit: it was skimming over the surface of everything. One branch of learning, however, I went to the bottom with—and that the most essential branch too—the grammar of my mother tongue. I had experienced the want of a knowledge of grammar during my stay with Mr. Holland; but it is very probable that I never should have thought of encountering the study of it, had not accident placed me under a man whose friendship extended beyond his interest. Writing a fair hand procured me the honor of being copyist to Colonel Debeig, the commandant of the garrison. I transcribed the famous correspondence between him and the Duke of Richmond, which ended in the good and gallant old colonel being stripped of the reward bestowed on him for his long and meritorious servitude.

"Being totally ignorant of the rules of grammar, I necessarily made many mistakes in copying; because no one can copy letter by letter, nor even word by word. The colonel saw my deficiency, and strongly recommended study. He enforced his advice with a sort of injunction, and with a promise of reward in case of success. I procured me a Lowth's Grammar, and applied myself to the study of it with unceasing assiduity, and not without some profit; for though it was a considerable time before I fully comprehended all that I read, still I read and studied with such unremitting attention, that at last I could write without falling into any very gross errors. The pains I took cannot be described. I wrote the whole grammar out two or three times. I got it by heart. I repeated it every morning and every evening, and when on guard. I imposed on myself the task of saying it all over once every time I was posted sentinel. To this exercise of my memory I ascribe the retentiveness of which I have since found it capable; and to the success with

which it was attended, I ascribe the perseverance that has led to the acquirement of the little learning of which I am master."

His steadiness and regularity soon led to promotion. In a very short time he was made corporal—no great advance it may be thought; but to him, at that stage of his progress, a most notable event, seeing that it raised his small income "a clear twopence per diem." A few months after his enlistment, the detachment to which he belonged sailed from Gravesend for Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he joined his regiment, and from which he proceeded with it to St. John's and New Brunswick shortly afterwards. By the end of his third year in the army, he was promoted to the rank of sergeant-major, over the heads of thirty sergeants; and this promotion appears to have been mainly owing to the excellent character he had acquired for early rising, and extraordinary attention to the duties of his profession. In his *Advice to Young Men*, he says, with reference to this period of his life, "Before my promotion, a clerk was wanted to make out the morning report of the regiment. I rendered the clerk unnecessary; and long before any other man was dressed for the parade, my work for the morning was all done, and I myself was on the parade walking, in fine weather, perhaps for an hour. My custom was thus—to get up in summer in daylight, and in winter at four o'clock; shave, dress, even to the putting on my sword-belt over my shoulder, and having my sword lying on the table before me ready to hang by my side. Then I ate a bit of cheese, or pork and bread. Then I prepared my report, which was filled up as fast as the companies brought me in the materials. After this, I had an hour or two to read before the time came for any duty out of doors, unless when the regiment or part of it went to exercise in the morning. When this was the case, and the matter left to me, I always had it on the ground in such time that the bayonets glittered in the rising sun—a sight which gave me delight, of which I often think, but which in vain I should endeavor to describe. If the officers were to go out, eight or ten o'clock was the hour, sweating the men in the heat of the day, breaking in upon the time of cooking their dinner, putting all things out of order, and everybody out of humor. When I was the commander, the men had a long day of leisure before them: they could ramble into the town, or into the woods; go to get raspberries; to catch birds, to catch fish, or to pursue any other recreation; and such of them as chose, and were qualified, to work at their trades. So that here, arising solely from the early

habits of one young man, were pleasant and happy days given to hundreds." This topic of early rising—its manifold advantages, and the importance of acquiring the habit in early life, if a man wishes to make his way in the world—is one on which he is never tired of expatiating, especially in that most entertaining and instructive of his works, the *Advice to Young Men*. It is in that work also, in his "Letter to a Lover," that he gives an account of his first introduction to the worthy young woman who afterwards became his wife, and who appears to have recommended herself to his favor in no small degree by her early rising and her industry.

"When I first saw my wife," says Cobbett, "she was thirteen years old, and I was within a month of twenty-one. She was the daughter of a sergeant-major of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and of course the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had by an invitation to breakfast, got up two young men to join me in my walk, and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he who kept an inn in Yorkshire came over to Preston, at the time of the election, to verify whether I was the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise when I told him that those tall young men whom he saw around me, were the sons of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New Brunswick, at daybreak in the morning!

"From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest

of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Fredericton, a distance of 100 miles up the river St. John, and which was worse, the artillery were expected to go off a year or two before our regiment. The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like, besides, that she should continue to work hard. I had saved 150 guineas, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the pay-master, the quartermaster, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her all my money before she sailed, and wrote to her to beg of her if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people; and at any rate, not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

"As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years later than our time, Mr. Pitt—England not being then so tame as she is now—having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. O how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt too, I am afraid! At the end of four years, however, home I came, landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the major of my regiment. I found my little girl a servant-of-all-work—and hard work it was—in the house of a Captain Brisac; and without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my 150 guineas unbroken! Need I tell the reader what my feelings were? Need I tell kind-hearted English parents what effect this anecdote must have produced on the minds of our children? Need I attempt to describe what effect this example ought to have on every young woman who shall do me the honor to read this book? Admiration of her conduct, and self-gratulation on this indubitable proof of the soundness of my own judgment, were now added to my love of her beautiful person.

"Now, I do not say that there are not

many young women of this country, who would, under similar circumstances, have acted as my wife did in this case; on the contrary, I hope, and sincerely do believe that there are. But when her age is considered; when we reflect that she was living in a place crowded, literally crowded, with gaily-dressed and handsome young men, many of whom really far richer and in higher rank than I was, and scores of them ready to offer her their hand; when we reflect that she was living amongst young women who put upon their backs every shilling that they could come at; when we see her keeping the bag of gold untouched, and working hard to provide herself with but mere necessary apparel, and doing all this while she was passing from fourteen to eighteen years of age; when we view the whole of the circumstances, we must say that here is an example which, while it reflects honor on her sex, ought to have weight with every young woman whose eyes or ears this relation shall reach.

Well might Cobbett indulge in honest exaltation over so admirable an instance of constancy and well-governed conduct in a girl of that age, and even in some little self-gratulation at so indubitable a proof of the soundness of his judgment, in having fixed his affections on so worthy an object. To this excellent woman he was married at Woolwich, on the 5th of February, 1792, a few months after his return from New Brunswick; and it is pleasant to know, from his own frequent and affectionate mention of her in many of his writings, as well as from the testimony of friends, that his domestic life was happier than that of most men. Ten years after their marriage, he speaks of her in his *Political Register* as one "to whose gentleness, prudence, and fortitude, I owe whatever I enjoy of pleasure, of fortune, or of reputation;" and many years later, Miss Mitford, in a delightful sketch of a visit she once paid to Botley, when Cobbett lived there, describes his wife as "a sweet, motherly woman, realizing our notion of one of Scott's most charming characters, Ailie Dinmont, in her simplicity, her kindness, and her devotion to her husband and children."

Cobbett's honeymoon was disturbed by a disagreeable affair. Soon after his discharge, he had accused four officers of the 54th Regiment of having made false returns of the musters, and of having embezzled the regimental stores. A court-martial was ordered to be held at the Horse Guards on the 24th of March, 1792, for the trial of the parties accused, but Cobbett did not make his appearance. The matter has often been

brought up by his enemies, as one in which he acted dishonorably; but his own account of the transaction, which occupies nearly one-half of the *Register* for June 17, 1809, completely justifies the course he took. From his statement of the affair, it is evident that, although he had taken the utmost pains in getting up his case, he would have been no match for the unscrupulous parties with whom he had to deal, and that his persisting in it would only have had the effect of bringing himself and others into trouble. Under these circumstances, he left England for France before the day of trial, and thus laid himself open to the charge of having libelled the character of honest men, without the slightest foundation for so doing. In his autobiography, he makes no allusion to the cause of his leaving England. He merely says: "I arrived in France in March, 1792, and continued there till the beginning of September, the six happiest months of my life." He does not mention what part of France he resided in during these six months. All we learn from his brief allusion to the time he sojourned there is, that he never saw Paris. "I did intend to stay in France," he says, "till the spring of 1793, as well to perfect myself in the language as to pass the winter at Paris. But I perceived the storm gathering; I saw that a war with England was inevitable, and it was not difficult to see what would be the fate of Englishmen in that country, where the rulers had laid aside even the appearance of justice and mercy. I wished, however, to see Paris, and actually hired a coach to go thither: I was even on the way, when I heard at Abbeville that the king was dethroned, and his guards murdered. This intelligence made me turn off towards Havre-de-Grace, whence I embarked for America."

He landed at New York in the month of October, without any very clear notion, apparently, of how he was to earn his living. Twelve months without work, his journey to France, his residence there, and his voyage to America, must have consumed the whole of the 150 guineas which his wife had kept so carefully; so that he must have found it necessary to set to work at something or other as soon as he landed. He had brought with him a letter of recommendation from the American ambassador at the Hague to Mr. Jefferson, at that time secretary of state, and this he forwarded without delay; but if he entertained any expectation of aid from that most unlikely quarter, he soon found out his mistake. Mr. Jefferson, in his reply, told him that public officers were so few in America, and of so little value, as to offer no resource to talent. Cobbett was

not the man to despond, however. With the knowledge of French, which he had acquired during his late residence in France, and his mastery of English grammar, he deemed himself sufficiently qualified to offer his services to Frenchmen as a teacher of English; and, accordingly, he took up his abode in Philadelphia, with the intention of earning his bread by that means. He has nowhere given any account of how he succeeded as a teacher. Here and there, indeed, he makes a stray allusion to the time when he had Frenchmen for his pupils, but in no place does he give any particulars as to whether he was successful or not. Of his domestic life at that period, however, he has given us various interesting sketches in his *Advice to Young Men*, as he almost invariably refers to some part of his own life as the exemplar which they are to follow. Thus we learn that, during the first year or two of his residence in Philadelphia, he kept no servant, "though well able to keep one," so that he cannot have been very badly off. "And never in my whole life," says Cobbett, "did I live in a house so clean, in such trim order; and never have I eaten or drunk, or slept or dressed, in a manner so perfectly to my taste as I did then. I had a great deal of business to attend to, that took me a great part of the day from home; but whenever I could spare a minute from business, the child was in my arms. I rendered the mother's labor as light as I could; any bit of food satisfied me. When watching was necessary, we shared it between us; that famous grammar for teaching French people English—which has been for thirty years, and still is, the great work of the kind throughout all America, and in every nation in Europe—was written by me, in hours not employed in business, and in great part during my share of the night-watchings over a sick, and then only child, who, after lingering many months, died in my arms. This was the way that we went on: this was the way that we began our married life."

It was in the summer of 1794, a year and a-half after he landed in the United States, that William Cobbett commenced his career as a political writer, and from that time till his death the pen was seldom out of his hand. He was then in his thirty-third year, had seen a good deal of the world, and had witnessed the volcanic outburst of the French revolution, which must have made a deep and lasting impression upon such a mind as his. That strong love of order, and firm sense of duty, which he always preserved; his warm attachment to his native land and all its institutions; his hearty detestation of French philosophy and English Jacobinism; all conspired to make him what we

should call a thoroughgoing Tory of the old school, with all its virtues, and no ordinary share of its failings. His eight years' residence in New Brunswick must also have greatly strengthened these feelings. That colony was then the asylum of those "Yankee loyalists," to whom he more than once alludes, and from whom he was not likely to derive a very favorable impression of the model republic, then only in its infancy. No wonder, then, that his first appearance as a pamphleteer should have been provoked by the arrival of Dr. Priestley in the United States, and by what he calls "the fulsome and consequential addresses sent him by the pretended patriots, and his canting replies, at once calculated to flatter the people here, and to degrade his country and mine." The English philosopher, who had been forced to leave his native land in consequence of his attachment to the cause of freedom, arrived at New York on the 12th of June, 1794, and in the following month Mr. Cobbett published his *Observations on the Emigration of Dr. Joseph Priestley*, under the signature of Peter Porcupine, which soon afterwards became so celebrated in England as well as in America. He first offered the pamphlet to Mr. Carey, of Philadelphia, whose treatment of the young author was not very ceremonious. "Mr. Carey received me," he says, "as booksellers generally receive authors (I mean authors whom they get little by): he looked at the title from top to bottom, and then at me from head to foot—'No, my lad,' says he, 'I don't think it will suit.' My lad! God in heaven forgive me! I believe that, at that moment, I wished for another yellow fever to strike the city; not to destroy the inhabitants, but to furnish me, too, with the subject of a pamphlet that might make me rich." He then went to a Mr. Bradford, who agreed to publish it at his own risk, and divide the profits with the author; but these did not put much money in his pocket, as the whole amount which fell to his share, when Mr. Bradford rendered him an account of the sales, was only "one shilling and sevenpence halfpenny currency (or about elevenpence three-farthings sterling), quite entirely clear of all deductions whatsoever!" After this transaction, Cobbett gave up the plan of publishing and sharing the profits. When he had written a pamphlet, he made a bargain for it at once; and the following list of his various publications during the next two years, shows that the new plan was a decided improvement on the old one, so far as his own interest was concerned: *Observations*, 20 cents; *Bone to Gnaw*, Part I., 125 dollars; *Kick for a Bite*, 20 dollars; *Bone to Gnaw*, Part II., 40 dollars; *Plain English*, 100 dol-

lars; *New-year's Gift*, 100 dollars; *Prospect*, 18 dollars. Total, 403 dollars 20 cents.

Four hundred dollars in two years was no very large sum; but we must remember that, during this period, he was not depending mainly on his literary labors for his living. He still continued to teach Frenchmen English, at six dollars a month, as we learn from an amusing account he gives in his *Gazette Selections*, of an interview he had, in 1796, with Talleyrand, who offered him twenty dollars a month for lessons in English, and had his liberal offer refused. "I told him," says Cobbett, "that being engaged in a translation for the press, I could not possibly quit home. This difficulty the lame fiend hopped over in a moment: he would very gladly come to my house. I cannot say but it would have been a great satisfaction to me to have seen the ci-devant bishop of Autun, the guardian of the oil that anointed the heads of the descendants of St. Louis, come trudging through the dirt to receive a lesson from me; but, on the other hand, I did not want a French spy to take a survey either of my desk or my house. My price for teaching was six dollars a month; he offered me twenty; but I refused, and before I left him, I gave him clearly to understand that I was not to be purchased."

The fame which Cobbett had acquired as an anonymous author, though quite enough for any ordinary man, was not enough to satisfy him. With his indomitable pugnacity and inordinate self-esteem, he could not bear to remain in the background much longer, and therefore he resolved to commence business as a bookseller, and come forward openly as the publisher of his own works—a step to which he was doubtless all the more strongly tempted by the knowledge that his pamphlets sold exceedingly well, and that he had not received so large a share of the profits as he fancied he ought to have.

Cobbett's commencement of business as a bookseller, which took place in the spring of 1796, caused an extraordinary sensation in Philadelphia. He had now been nearly two years engaged as a pamphleteer, under the name of Peter Porcupine, and had during that time created a host of enemies, by the freedom with which he had spoken of the faults of America and France, and the undaunted manner in which he had stood forward in defence of his native country against all assailants. So long as he preserved his incognito, the public indignation was kept within comparatively moderate bounds, but when he announced his intention to open a shop, and actually sell his own pamphlets, even his own friends be-

came seriously alarmed for the consequences. The shop which he took appears to have been rather a large one for a man who could not have had much capital of his own. The *Aurora* newspaper speaks of him as having been previously in very low circumstances; so poor, indeed, as to be "literally without hardly bread to eat, and not a second shirt to his back;" and then goes on to say, that from the extreme of poverty he had suddenly obtained the means of making a better appearance, "having taken a house for the sale of his poison, at the enormous rent of 1200 dollars a year, and paid a year's rent in advance." The object of the *Aurora* was to make it appear that Cobbett was an English spy—a charge which he was at very great pains to disprove; but he cautiously abstains from saying anything about his house at 1200 dollars a year, or how he had obtained capital enough to commence so large an undertaking. Had he been able to show that the money which had enabled him to pay a year's rent in advance, and purchase the stock required for so large a place of business was the fruit of his own labor, he would doubtless have done so. We are left to conclude, therefore, that he must have had assistance from some quarter or other; nor is it surprising that, under the circumstances, his enemies should have endeavored to fix upon him the title of "Billy Pitt's agent." The more probable explanation of the matter is, that he had received assistance from some of his wealthy friends and admirers, of whom he had many in the United States, as well as in our North American colonies. Some years after, when condemned to pay a fine of 5000 dollars, for a libel on Dr. Rush, the whole of the money was provided by his friends, or, as he says, "by British gentlemen in Canada and the United States." Had they not paid it, his American admirers offered to pay every farthing of the fine, so that he must have had many friends ready to assist him.

Soon after he had opened his shop, he commenced a daily newspaper, under the title of *Porcupine's Gazette*, in which he carried on the war against French republicanism and American democracy with unrelenting hostility. Those who have any wish to make themselves familiar with the party politics of America from 1795 to 1800, will find ample materials for such a study in the twelve volumes of *Porcupine's Works*, published by Cobbett soon after his return from America. The most remarkable feature in this collection of what he must have deemed the best of his pamphlets and newspaper articles, is the very small amount of autobiography it contains.

It is there, indeed, that he gives his life of Peter Porcupine; but that was merely by way of reply to certain libellous attacks upon him. Later in life, his political writings are full of pleasant digressions and episodes, many of them throwing considerable light upon his early life. In his American articles the style is always characteristic. No one acquainted with his writings can fail to recognise the savage personality and withering sarcasm with which he attacks public delinquency wherever he can find it. In that respect, his earliest articles are quite as remarkable as those of his riper years; but they fall far short of the latter in all the finer and more exquisite touches of pathos and humor, and especially in those charming pictures of rural life and scenery which are scattered so lavishly throughout his *Political Register*. But Peter Porcupine was a young and ardent politician, and he lived in the midst of a far more intense political struggle than we are now able to form any just conception of. What wonder that he was in no mood for taking a backward glance, at times, into the poetical aspect of things when he had so hard a daily battle to fight with those whom he looked upon as the enemies of the human race.

Considering the amount of personal feeling with which Cobbett was inspired in almost all his writings, it was natural to expect that he would, sooner or later, come under the lash of the law. He was twice prosecuted for libel during his residence in America, but on only one occasion was he found guilty. The first prosecution, which took place in August 1797, was undertaken at the instance of the Spanish minister in the United States, who fancied that the king of Spain had been insulted in *Porcupine's Gazette*.<sup>\*</sup> The trial took place in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Judge McKean, a vulgar, bullying lawyer, who presided, and who had become an inveterate enemy of Cobbett, in consequence of his having been exposed in the *Gazette*, did all in his power to bias the minds of the jury, but without effect. A majority ignored the bill, and Peter Porcupine was triumphant. But "Kite McKean," as Cobbett had nicknamed his enemy, and who appears to have been every way worthy of all the vituperations of the *Gazette*, if ever any man was, soon had his revenge on the insolent Englishman, who so fearlessly ex-

posed all the faults and failings of Jonathan, at a time when he was ten times more sensitive than he is at the present day. A second action for libel was brought against Cobbett by Dr. Rush of Philadelphia, who had become notorious for his mode of treating cases of yellow fever, and for the mortality attending it. The action, which was brought by Rush in the early part of 1798, was kept hanging over the head of Mr. Cobbett till the end of the following year, when Judge McKean, who had made up his mind to ruin his unrelenting libeller, having got all his preparations completed, brought on the cause for trial, when Cobbett was found guilty, and sentenced to pay 5000 dollars by way of damages. To this large sum must be added the costs of the trial, the sacrifice of property taken in execution, and sold by the sheriff at public auction; "so that," as he states in an advertisement announcing a new publication, to be called the *Rushlight*, "the total of what has been and will be wrested from me by Rush, will fall little short of 8000 dollars." Whether it was that the new paper did not answer his expectations, or that he had become thoroughly tired of a country which had used him so ill, he very soon extinguished the *Rushlight*, and bade farewell to America.

On the 1st of June 1800, Mr. Cobbett sailed from New York for England, after publishing a highly characteristic farewell address to the people of the United States, in the Philadelphia papers. "You will doubtless be astonished," he says, "that after having had such a smack of the sweets of liberty, I should think of rising thus abruptly from the feast; but this astonishment will cease when you consider that, under a general term, things diametrically opposite in their natures are frequently included, and that flavors are not more various than tastes. Thus, for instance, nourishment of every species is called food, and we all like food; but while one is partial to roast beef and plum-pudding, another is distractedly fond of flummery and mush. So it is with respect to liberty, of which, out of its infinite variety of sorts, yours, unfortunately, happens to be the sort which I do not like. . . . To my friends, who are also the real friends of America, I wish that peace and happiness which virtue ought to insure, but which I greatly fear they will not find; and as to my enemies, I can wish them no severer scourge, than that which they are preparing for themselves and their country. With this I depart for my native land, where neither the moth of democracy nor the rust of federalism doth corrupt, and where thieves do not, with impunity, break through and steal 5000 dollars at a time."

\* We cannot copy this without calling the attention of the reader to the fact, that the abuse of eminent persons, by whom he suffered, was characteristic of Cobbett—whose opinions are reflected in this article. There is an old distich signifying the unfavorable opinion which people form of criminal law, under certain circumstances.—*Living Age*.

No sooner had he landed in England, than he began to make preparations for the publication of a daily newspaper, which was not quite so formidable an undertaking in those days as it is at present. Previous to doing so, however, he appears to have paid a visit to his birthplace, as will be seen from the following charming description, which first appeared in his *Year's Residence in America*, published in 1828:—"When I returned to England, in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods seemed so *small*! It made me laugh to hear little gutters that I could jump over called *rivers*. The Thames was a *creek*. But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully *small*! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood, for I had learned before, the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighborhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooksbury Hill,' meant with us the utmost degree of height. Therefore, the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its place; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The postboy going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons, that I used to feed out of my hands, and the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room; if I had looked a moment longer, I should have dropped. When I came to reflect—what a change! I looked down at my dress—what a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at the

secretary of state's, in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort; nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behavior. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes: and from that moment—less than a month after my arrival in England—I resolved never to bend before them." The dining at Mr. Windham's, then secretary at war, in company with Mr. Pitt, appears to have made a deep impression upon his mind, for he frequently refers to that memorable event. But his profound admiration of the "Heaven-born minister" met with no grateful return from that great man, whose aristocratic sensitiveness was no doubt shocked by the indomitable individuality and undisciplined fierceness of Mr. Windham's protégé. Perhaps he suspected also, that the Ishmaelite spirit which had enabled Cobbett to render himself so powerful an enemy of democracy in America, would not be inclined to submit quietly to Treasury influence in England. Whatever the cause may have been, the fact is certain that Mr. Pitt showed an unfriendly spirit towards Mr. Cobbett, notwithstanding all the efforts of Mr. Windham to recommend him to ministerial favor. In the list of subscribers to the republication, in 1801, of *Porcupine's Works*, in twelve volumes, we find the names of the Prince of Wales and his royal brothers; of Canning, Castlereagh, Huskisson, Rose, Windham, and a whole host of bishops and peers; but we look in vain for that of Mr. Pitt; and his unwillingness to lend the influence of his name to that undertaking, must have convinced Mr. Cobbett, even if there had been no other evidence, that he need look for no aid from the prime minister of England.

The first number of the *Porcupine*, a new daily paper, "Printed and published by William Cobbett, No. 3 Southampton Street, Strand," made its appearance on the 29th of October, 1800; and the motto under which it erected its angry quills—"Fear God, Honor the King"—showed that its politics were decidedly of the Tory and High-church complexion. At that period, Cobbett's hatred of the Dissenters was as hearty and unsparing as his abuse of the Established Church became a few years afterward. In his prospectus he says: "It is with no small mortification that I find too many of the periodical publications in the hands of fanatics and infidels, all of whom, however numerous their mongrel sects, however opposite their tenets, however hateful their persons to each other, do most cordially unite in their enmity to the national establishments,

and most zealously co-operate for their destruction. Convinced as I am from the experience of America, as well as from history in general, that an established church is absolutely necessary to the existence of religion and morality; convinced also that the Church of England, while she is an ornament, an honor, and a blessing to the nation, is the principal pillar to the throne, I trust I shall never be base enough to decline a combat with her enemies, whether they approach me in the lanklocks of the sectary or the scald crop of the Jacobin." Notwithstanding these strong professions of loyalty, the *Porcupine* does not appear to have been a very profitable speculation; indeed, Cobbett never was successful in any of his attempts to make a popular newspaper. His forte lay chiefly in his power of criticising public men and measures. No writer of the present century could compare with him in that respect; but all his attempts at journalism, strictly speaking, proved signal failures. The *Porcupine* struggled on till the latter end of 1801, when it amalgamated with another daily paper called the *True Briton*, soon after which Mr. Cobbett ceased to have any connection with it.

Cobbett had returned from America, as he mentions in one of his *Registers*, with the intention of confining himself to the business of bookselling; and although he had been persuaded by the Tories to start a daily newspaper, he never gave up his original intention. In 1801, he commenced business, accordingly, with a partner, the firm being "Cobbett and Morgan, at the Crown and Mitre, Pall Mall." As to what the nature and extent of his bookselling business may have been, we have little or no means of judging. In an article in the *Register* on the increased duty on printed paper, in 1802, he supports the government, although more immediately interested in the question than almost any man in the kingdom. "In proportion to our small capital," he says, "nobody exports so many books as my partner and myself;" and then he goes on to show, that if there had been any ground for apprehension that our export trade would be injured by the increased duty, which he denied, he and his partner would have been the first to feel alarm. We may take for granted, therefore, that his knowledge of the American market, together with his colonial connection, had probably enabled Messrs. Cobbett and Morgan to carry on a very profitable trade in the exportation of books, the Americans being utterly unable to compete with us at that period.

The first number of the *Weekly Political Register*, with which Cobbett's fame as a writer is so intimately associated, appeared in January 1802, from which time up to

1835, the year of his death, the faithful record of his delightful egotism, his extreme opinionativeness, his matchless invective against all public offenders, and his numberless schemes for putting public affairs in perfect order, was kept up to the last, with unabated vigor, by the marvellous force of his single pen. For the first two or three years, a considerable portion of the *Register* was devoted to the publication of parliamentary proceedings, state papers, and various kinds of useful political and general information. His object was to make it what no weekly newspaper ever can be—a complete register of political intelligence. Nor was it long before he began to find his mistake. One after another, the different departments of routine news and dull official documents were thrust aside to make room for the sparkling, racy, and everwelcome letters from his own pen on all the engrossing topics of the day. In his style he has been compared to Swift, to Defoe, and sometimes to Franklin: nor would it be difficult to find many passages in the *Register* bearing no small resemblance to each of these writers. But, along with much of the circumstantial, graphic, narration talent of Defoe, the charming simplicity and homely wisdom of Franklin, the idiomatic terseness and humor of Swift, there is an abounding heartiness and garrulity in most of his writings which stamps them with a special charm, for which we might search in vain through the whole of our ablest political writers.

As a commercial speculation, the *Register* must have been highly successful. By the end of 1803, it had attained a circulation of 4000—rather a large number, when we look at the size and price of the paper. At that time it consisted of sixteen pages only, and did not contain more than about two-thirds of the contents of a single number of *Chambers's Journal*. As the price was 10d., and there was no expense for contributions, it must have yielded a handsome profit to the editor and proprietor. But Cobbett did not preserve through life the thrifty habits which enabled him to save 150 guineas when he was a sergeant-major. Till the close of his life, he always continued to work as hard as he had done while in the army; but although he earned a large amount of money in his day, he frequently fell into pecuniary difficulties.

When Cobbett returned from America, he was an ultra Tory, and he continued to support ministers for the first two or three years of his journalism with the most enthusiastic zeal and devotion. In his *Register*, however, he very soon began to show a spirit of independence in his remarks on public affairs, which could not fail to sever his connection with the Church-and-king

party, by whom he had been received with open arms when he landed in England. His desertion of the Tory party has generally been ascribed to the supercilious manner in which he was treated by Mr. Pitt, but on that point we have no direct evidence. All we know is, that after having been for several years the advocate and eulogist of that minister's character and policy, he became his bitterest enemy. The precise date of this change it would be somewhat difficult to determine; but his hostility to government, and his leaning to the popular party, became very decided after his first conviction for libel, which took place on the 24th of May, 1804. On that occasion he was found guilty of having published certain libels in the *Register* tending to bring the Earl of Hardwick, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and several Irish officials, into contempt, and sentenced to pay a fine of £500. Two days after, an action for damages, which were laid at £10,000, was brought against Mr. Cobbett by Mr. Plunkett, attorney-general for Ireland, for a libel on him, in the same article in which were the libels on Lord Hardwick and his colleagues. The jury returned a verdict against the defendant, but they awarded only £500 in the shape of damages. These prosecutions had been undertaken, as was generally understood, with a view to silence Cobbett; but he was not the man to be put down in that or in any other fashion. Instead of making him more guarded in his criticism of ministers, they only stirred up his hatred of "the betrayers of the public trust," as he now styled them, to a more intense degree. The meetings of the people to discuss and condemn the arbitrary measures and corrupt practices of government were now, also, treated in a more respectful manner, nor did he scruple to defend Sir Francis Burdett from the charge of Jacobinism, which some of the ministerial organs had brought against him. The change in the tone of his politics had become very decided by the end of 1804—so much so, indeed, that he makes a distinct reference to the subject in his "Address to the Public" at the opening of 1805. Not that he considers himself to have changed: it is ministers that have veered round, while he has been obliged, as an honest journalist, to blame them for their desertion of principle. In reply to the statements of the ministerial press, that his opposition to the government had injured the circulation of the *Register*, he affirms that, "notwithstanding the unexampled depopulation of the town during the six months embraced by the volume just finished, there were many more copies of this work sold during that time than during any former

six months since the commencement of the work." A few of his subscribers, indeed, had found fault with the course he was taking, but a far larger number had expressed their satisfaction with the way in which he attacked ministers. He had received "150 written assurances" from persons who had formerly admired Mr. Pitt, that the arguments in the *Register* had destroyed their faith in that statesman's political wisdom and integrity, and "only seven letters expressing dissent" from his opinions on that head. With so large a majority of his constituents in favor of the course he had been pursuing, no wonder that he felt encouraged to go on.

Although steadily opposed to the Pitt ministry, and anxious to see Sir Francis Burdett returned for Middlesex, he did not see his way with regard to parliamentary reform for some time. Even in 1806, he contended that so long as the funding system remained, there was no good to be expected from any attempt to reform parliament. As for universal suffrage, he says, "I have seen the effects of it too attentively, and with too much disgust, ever to think of it with approbation." He was, however, gradually brought more and more into contact with the Radical party, who gladly hailed the accession to their ranks of so powerful a writer. Before long, he had become one of the most fearless champions of reform. The vindictive style in which the ministerial journals spoke of him and his *Register*, showed that his merciless blows were felt by those in power, and that no opportunity would be lost of making him feel the vengeance of the law. For awhile, the pecuniary warnings he had received in 1804 had had the effects of making him more guarded in his language, but the impetuosity of his temper could not always be restrained. In the *Register* of the 1st of July 1809, he made some very severe remarks on the flogging of five soldiers belonging to a militia regiment then stationed at Ely, under a guard of the German Legion, which attracted the notice of the attorney-general, Sir Vicary Gibbs. Owing to some cause or other, the trial was postponed till the summer of 1810. The information was tried on the 15th of June, before Lord Ellenborough, and Cobbett was again found guilty. On the 9th of July, he was brought up for judgment, and sentenced to be imprisoned in Newgate for two years; to pay a fine of £1000; and at the expiration of the two years, to give security for his good behavior for seven years, himself in £3000, and two securities in £1000 each. So severe a sentence was not intended merely as a punishment for the libel he had writ-

ten, but by way of revenge for the way in which he had dared to attack ministers, and for his systematic attempts to bring the government of that day into contempt.

In his *Register* of the 14th July, 1810, dated from Newgate, he alludes to his incarceration in the following terms:—"After having published seventeen volumes of this work, embracing the period of eight years and a half, during which time I have written with my own hand nearly 2000 articles upon various subjects, without having, except in one single instance, incurred even the threats of the law, I begin the eighteenth volume in a prison. In this respect, however, I only share the lot of many men who have inhabited this prison before me; nor have I the smallest doubt that I shall be enabled to follow the example of those men. On the triumphing, the boundless joy, the feasting and shouting of the speculators or public robbers, and of all those, whether profligate or hypocritical villains, of whom I have been the scourge, I look with contempt, knowing very well, feeling in my heart that my situation, even at this time, is infinitely preferable to theirs; and as to the future, I can reasonably promise myself days of peace and happiness, while continual dread must haunt their guilty minds; while every stir and every sound must make them quake for fear. *Their day is yet to come!*" Throughout the rest of his life, this feeling of vengeance against his enemies never ceased to animate him. Again and again, he returns to his imprisonment in Newgate for having commented on the flogging of English soldiers under German bayonets, and seldom without vowing revenge against his persecutors.

At the time of his imprisonment, Cobbett's family were residing at Botley, a fine old mansion in Hampshire, "with a beautiful lawn and gardens sweeping down to the Bursledon river." There he had lived for a number of years as a gentleman farmer, indulging his love for gardening and agricultural pursuits, at the same time that he was carrying on the war against Pitt's funding system, and the government by which that system was maintained. This seems to have been by far the happiest and most prosperous period of his life. The *Weekly Register* yielded a handsome income, gave ample scope for the exercise of his restless literary and political ambition, and yet did not engross the whole of his time. He had a large amount of leisure, which he mainly spent in the midst of his affectionate family, his garden, and his farm, as he does not seem to have mixed much in public affairs at that period. The smoke and bustle of London could easily be endured for one or two days

in the week, when he knew that he could escape at any moment to the pure atmosphere and delightful seclusion of Botley.

It was during his residence in Hampshire that Miss Mitford, then a mere girl, paid him that visit of which she has given so pleasant a description in her *Reminiscences*; and it would seem from her account that he lived in a most bountiful style.

"There was a large fluctuating series of guests for the hour, or guests for the day, of almost all ranks and descriptions, from the earl and his countess to the farmer and his dame. The house had room for all, and the hearts of the owners would have had room for three times the number. I never saw hospitality more genuine, more simple, or more thoroughly successful in the great end of hospitality—the putting everybody completely at ease. There was not the slightest attempt at finery, or display, or gentility. They called it a farmhouse, and everything was in accordance with the largest idea of a great English yeoman of the old time. Everything was excellent, everything abundant—all served with the greatest nicety by trim waiting-damself; and everything went on with such quiet regularity, that of the large circle of guests not one could find himself in the way."

Of Cobbett himself, who was then in the height of his political reputation, she speaks in the most enthusiastic terms. His unflinching good humor and good spirits, his early rising, his heartiness and love of field-sports, seem to have made a deep impression on the young girl, who little thought at that time that she also would become not less celebrated than her host for her descriptions of English rural scenery. As to his personal appearance, she describes him as "a tall, stout man, fair and sunburnt, with an air compounded of the soldier and the farmer, to which his habit of wearing an eternal red waistcoat contributed not a little." His beautiful farm and garden, and the manner in which they were cultivated, called forth her warmest approbation. "The fields lay along the Bursledon river, and might have been shown to a foreigner as a specimen of the richest and loveliest English scenery. In the cultivation of his garden, too, he displayed the same taste. Few persons excelled him in the management of vegetables, fruits, and flowers. His green Indian corn, his Carolina beans, his water-melons, could hardly have been excelled even at New York. His wall-fruit was equally splendid; and much as flowers have been studied since that day, I never saw a more glowing or a more fragrant autumn garden than that at Botley, with its pyramids of hollyhocks, and its masses of China-asters, of foxgloves,

of mignonette, and of variegated geranium." Well might Cobbett feel enraged at being torn away from so delightful a retirement. In his active bustling life, he had met with several reverses; but never had he encountered such a change as the transition from that paradise at Botley, and the happy life he led there, surrounded by his family and friends, to the strong room at Newgate! His spirits never sunk, however: he still went on from week to week with his letters to public men; still used the lash as vigorously as ever against "all knaves and dastards." The only difference which the readers of the *Register* could perceive was, that his letters were now dated from Newgate instead of Botley. As to his farming operations, he carried them on by letter also, as well as that could be done. "I gave all the orders," he says, "whether as to purchases, sales, plowing, sowing, breeding—in short, with regard to everything, and the things were in endless number and variety, and always full of interest." To carry on this correspondence, he had always one or two of his children with him, having hired the best part of the keeper's house "at twelve guineas a week." That item alone, for two years, would more than double the fine he had been sentenced to pay, so that the expenses altogether must have made a very considerable inroad on his profits, while his affairs were at the same time suffering from his two years' absence from home.

A public dinner was given to Mr. Cobbett, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on the 9th of July, 1812, to celebrate his liberation from Newgate, which took place on that day. Sir Francis Burdett presided on the occasion, and, among other toasts, proposed: "Our sincere congratulations on the release of that able advocate of parliamentary reform, and zealous opponent of the flogging system—William Cobbett." In returning thanks, Cobbett replied at some length to the calumnies which his enemies had been busily circulating, in the hope of creating some confusion at the dinner. The *Times* had been accusing him of having changed his opinions, and referred to his attacks upon Sir Francis Burdett some ten years previously. He frankly admitted that he had at one time held opinions widely different from those which he now advocated, but that was no proof of insincerity. Supposing he had been wrong, he had since fairly and candidly acknowledged his error: "Alteration of sentiment was not to be deemed a demerit in a man, unless it should appear that such alteration had been caused by interested motives."

He was now at liberty once more, with the character of a martyr in the cause of freedom, and the reputation of being the

ablest and most daring champion of the people's cause. But his imprisonment, and the fine of £1,000, which he was obliged to pay for the freedom of his remarks on flogging, gave a serious shock to his circumstances, and ultimately tended in no small degree to land him in those pecuniary embarrassments which caused him to leave the country in 1817. In early life he had been a rigid economist; but the success of his *Register* appears to have gradually led him into an expensive style of living, which, though warranted in some measure by the income he was then making, was ill calculated for any reverse which might occur. In addition to his farm which must have required a considerable amount of capital at a time when everything was so dear, he had embarked in publishing speculations on a large scale. At the time of his imprisonment, he had undertaken and was carrying on three publications besides the *Political Register*—namely, the *Parliamentary History*, the *Parliamentary Debates*, and the *State Trials*. All of these were works requiring a large expenditure of capital, and yielding only a slow return. At first, he was no doubt able to meet his printer's bills with hard cash; but ultimately, in spite of his abhorrence of the accommodation-bill system, he must have been obliged, like Sir Walter Scott, at a later period, under similar circumstances, to draw upon the future. In a trial which took place after his return from America in 1820, it was stated by Mr. Scarlett that, at the very time, from 1812 to 1817, when he was directing all his energies to write down paper-money, his various farming and publishing speculations were supported by accommodation-bills to the extent of £60,000 or £70,000. This paper, which Cobbett hated so much, was negotiated by Mr. Wright, with whom he was many years in partnership; and the accounts between the parties became so much involved, that, to use Cobbett's own expression, "the devil himself could not unravel them." It was these monetary difficulties, aggravated by the ruinous fall in prices at the close of the war, which led to his sudden flight to America, in March 1817. The ostensible cause of his leaving England at that time was his fear of being again sent to Newgate. According to his representation, ministers, in bringing forward the Six Acts Bill for suppressing freedom of discussion, had mainly in view the *Weekly Register*, which had been reduced to 2d. some months previously, and had attained a weekly circulation of 50,000. From his farewell address, it would seem that he was under the influence of a panic, in which pecuniary and political considerations may have had an equal share. A list of his cre-

ditors at the time he left England, shows him to have been owing nearly £40,000; so that one cannot feel much surprise at his coming to the conclusion that England was going to ruin, when he reflected upon the rapid changes which had recently taken place in the value of property, and from which he, as a farmer and as a publisher, had suffered so severely.

Cobbett remained in America about two years and a half, during which time he kept up his *Registers* regularly, showing up the "sons and daughters of corruption" as fearlessly as ever. In addition to his literary labors, he took a farm called Hyde Park, at North Hampstead, Long Island, where he indulged his love of rural occupations, and where he sustained a very serious loss of property on the 20th of May, 1819, by a fire which consumed his dwelling-house, and the greater part of his farming stock. This blow seems to have made him think of returning home once more, now that England seemed as if it would weather the storm. Accordingly, he left New York in October, 1819, a few weeks after the Peterloo Massacre, and arrived at Liverpool on the 20th of November, bringing with him the bones of Thomas Paine, for whose genius he had suddenly conceived a singular regard, on account of his exposure of the funding system. Soon after his arrival in London, he started a daily paper called *Cobbett's Evening Post*, which lasted only about two months. At the end of that time, he found that the *Register* would be as much as he could manage with satisfaction to himself or justice to the public. It was while the daily paper was in existence, that he made his first unsuccessful attempt to enter parliament, by standing for the representation of Coventry in March, 1820, when he polled only 352 votes. His second attempt, in June, 1826, when he contested Preston with Mr. Stanley, the pre-ent Earl of Derby, met with no better success—the numbers at the close of the poll being for Stanley, 3044; Wood, 1982; Cobbett, 995. In spite of these two defeats, however, he still adhered to the determination to become a member of parliament. He flattered himself that were he once in that assembly, he would very soon convince a majority of its members of the wisdom and excellence of his plans for remedying public grievances. On the 10th of April, 1830, he issued an address, suggesting that a subscription should be opened in every county in England, for the purpose of purchasing for him an estate sufficient for the qualification of two members—himself, and another whom he should nominate. The sum required was about £10,000, which could easily be raised, he thought. "Two

pounds each from every reader of the *Register* would about do the thing. Forbearance from a single glass of grog for one market-day on the part of each farmer would do the thing." But neither the farmers nor the readers of the *Register* were willing to make such a sacrifice to see him in parliament. The entire sum subscribed in aid of his £10,000 scheme amounted only to £27 2s.—a most lame and impotent conclusion to so grand a project.

The year 1831 was signalized by the trial of Mr. Cobbett for the publication of a seditious and malicious libel, tending to excite the agricultural laborers to acts of sedition, insurrection, and arson. The article which had provoked this proceeding on the part of ministers, was one entitled "The Rural War," in which he had commented with his usual freedom and boldness on the condition of the peasantry, the alleged circumstances which had led to their present misery, and the best means of relieving it. If Cobbett had had to defend himself against such a government prosecution ten years previously, he would have had little chance of escape; but 1831 was not a favorable year for putting down libellous attacks, nor could the Whigs have committed a greater indiscretion than they did, when they gave their greatest enemy so rare an opportunity of exposing their inconsistency, and of showing how their professed affection for the liberty of the press had given place to the most arbitrary notions on that head, now that they were in office. From the beginning of the trial till its close, the whole proceedings were calculated to furnish Cobbett with new materials for carrying on the war against the Whigs, and he made ample use of them when the trial was over. He defended himself in a most able and eloquent speech of six hours in length. The attorney-general then replied, and after Lord Tenterden had summed up, the jury retired at five minutes past six o'clock. No verdict was given during the night, and at a little before nine in the morning, the jury stated that they could not agree; upon which they were discharged. The decision of the jury met with general approbation, and from all parties Cobbett received congratulations on his triumph over ministers.

In the autumn of 1832, Mr. Cobbett paid a visit to Scotland, where he was welcomed by the Radicals as "the ablest of writers, the most consummate politician, the fearless and uncompromising advocate of the rights of the people." During his tour in the north, he published vivid descriptions in the *Register* of what he saw, well calculated to flatter the pride of the people of Scotland, against whom his prejudices had been quite

as strong as those of Dr. Johnson. In the preface to his *Tour in Scotland*, which he published in the following year, he confesses that though he had never carried his notions of the sterility and worthlessness of Scotland, and of the niggardly character of its inhabitants, so far as many others have, yet he had not been able to prevent himself from imbibing in some degree "the prejudices which a long train of causes, beginning to operate nearly a thousand years ago, have implanted in the minds of Englishmen;" and as he had allowed those prejudices to slip out now and then throughout his writings, he deemed it his duty to make amends for that injustice by showing what Scotland really is.

Soon after his return from Scotland, the first general election under the Reform Bill took place, when Mr. Cobbett, who had been brought forward as a candidate both at Manchester and Oldham, was returned for the latter borough along with Mr. Fielden, by a majority of four to one over their opponents. In Manchester, 1305 electors voted for Mr. Cobbett; and the number would have been much greater, in all probability, but for the decision at Oldham, which was known in Manchester by noon on the last polling-day.

The friends and admirers of Mr. Cobbett, who had been so anxious to see him in parliament, had now obtained their wish. He was now a portion of the "collective wisdom;" nor was it long before he took occasion to give the House a sample of his eloquence. In the debate on the choice of a Speaker, on the 31st of January, 1833, he delivered his first parliamentary speech, which excited no small amount of good-humoured merriment by the homely, colloquial style in which it was couched, not less than by the originality of his remarks. On the 7th of February, he made a long speech on the moving the address, when he was a good deal annoyed by the usual cries of "Question, question;" "Divide, divide," by which the House signifies that it is tired. He was not the man, however, to be put down by any such demonstrations. He told the disturbers, in a very decided tone, that the division should not take place for a couple of hours at least, unless he were allowed to give the reasons for his vote—a threat which had the intended effect of producing quietness. But although he spoke frequently, and soon made the House familiar with all his notions about the currency, the malt-tax, and taxation generally, his warmest admirers could not help perceiving that his influence was lessened rather than increased by his return to parliament. In a lecture or a letter to the readers of the *Register*, he could magnify

whatever question he took up, so as to make it seem unanswerable for the moment. But he was not fitted for a deliberate assembly like the House of Commons. His age, too, rendered it unlikely that he could adapt himself to the political atmosphere of parliament; nor was it long before his constitution began to show that it was unfitted to sustain the evil effects of the late hours and bad ventilation of the house.

Prior to his becoming a member of the imperial legislature, Mr. Cobbett had no very exalted opinion of the House of Commons, and it is evident that his more familiar acquaintance with "the finest club in the world," as it has been styled, did not raise the character of its members in his estimation. The *Weekly Register* is full of the most amusing complaints, regarding the careless, undignified way in which parliament manages the business of the nation. The want of proper accommodation was also a frequent source of grumbling. "Why," says the member for Oldham, "are we squeezed into so small a space, that it is absolutely impossible that there should be calm and regular discussion, even from that circumstance alone? Why do we live in this hub-bub? Why are we exposed to all these inconveniences? Why are 658 of us crammed into a space that allows to each of us no more than a foot and a half square, while at the same time, each of the servants of the king, whom *we* pay, has a palace to live in, and more unoccupied space in that palace, than the little *hole* into which we are all crammed, to make the laws by which this great kingdom is governed?" Few persons, he contends, could sit in that place as constantly as he had done, without injuring their health. He had never seen a regiment of soldiers of which the private men could have kept up the regular and constant attendance which he had given, without breaking down. His own power of enduring fatigue and late hours, he ascribes to his simple and temperate habits, never dining out, and having nothing to annoy him, except the very common grievance at that period of too many letters. But it was not the number that annoyed him, so much as the cost of postage, which formed a very heavy tax. "Twelve letters a day," he says, "amount to £18 5s. a year, which is as much as is probably necessary to maintain my house one week out of the fifty-two. I need say no more to convince any reasonable man, that all two-penny post letters should come to me post-free." Some of his correspondents, too, were persons who had no business with him—who wrote merely to obtain his autograph. Others annoyed him by adding "*Esquire*" to his name; a title to which

he considered he had no title. The worst evil connected with his parliamentary duties, however, was the necessity of spending so much of his time in the close and heated atmosphere of the House of Commons. In spite of his robust health and his temperate habits, the hard work at home and long hours in the House were too much for him; and to these causes, doubtless, may be attributed the illness by which he was cut off so suddenly at last.

At the general election which followed the resignation of the Whig ministry in 1834, and the brief return of Sir Robert Peel to Downing Street, Mr. Cobbett was again returned for Oldham, and resumed his regular attendance in the House, in spite of an inflammatory attack from which he was suffering. When the Marquis of Chandos brought on his motion for the repeal of the malt-tax, Mr. Cobbett attempted to speak in favor of it, but, owing to inflammation of the throat, from which he had not recovered, he could not make himself heard. He remained to vote on that occasion, thereby increasing his complaint. It was not till after another instance of the same imprudence, that he felt the serious nature of his illness, and saw the necessity of taking some care of himself. He resolved to go down to his farm near Farnham, and get rid of his hoarseness and inflammation. After a few weeks there, he seemed to have almost recovered his usual health, but he imprudently took tea in the open air, on the evening of Thursday, June 11, and the consequence was a violent relapse of his complaint. With a few fluctuations, he lingered for a week, during which he recovered so far as to be able to talk in the most sprightly manner upon politics and farming, and to express a wish for "four days' rain for the Cobbett corn and the root crops."

On the day previous to his death, he could not rest in the house, but insisted on being carried round the farm. The strong man, who had hardly ever known what illness was, seemed as if he would set disease at defiance to the very last. That night he grew more and more feeble—the journey round the farm had been the last flicker in the socket. About one o'clock on Thursday

morning, the 18th of June 1835, William Cobbett expired, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

On the 27th June, the funeral took place from Normandy Farm. The procession was attended by Mr. Fielden, M. P., Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Wakley, and several other members of parliament. By the time it had reached Farnham, it was swelled by thousands of laborers in their smock-frocks and straw-hats, who followed the procession to the church-yard, where the mortal remains of England's greatest self-taught prose writer were deposited beside those of his humble ancestors.

And now, looking back at the forty years of stern battling with abuses which he maintained so resolutely, many persons scruple not to affirm that Cobbett deserves no higher place in history than is given to a Wilkes, a Sacheverel, or any of those other self-exaggerating agitators who have disturbed society at various periods during the last two centuries, and whose names must speedily sink into well-merited oblivion. Those who form such an estimate, however, only show their ignorance of the man, and of the powerful influence he exercised on public affairs, more especially during the last twenty or thirty years of his active and laborious life. Without speaking of the many admirable volumes he wrote—the *Advice to Young Men*, the *Rural Rides*, the *Year's Residence in America*, the *Cottage Economy*, the *Tour in Scotland*, the *English Gardener*, the *Woodlands*, almost any one of which would have given him a high place in literature as one of the finest painters of rural life—no one who is familiar with his political writings, and who has paid attention to the gradual progress of the great "Condition of England Question" since the end of the war, can fail to perceive that William Cobbett did more to awaken public opinion to a sense of its duty towards the poor, gave a more powerful impulse to the movement for bettering the condition of the working-classes, which is rapidly becoming the greatest question of the day, than any writer of the present century. What higher praise could be awarded to a public journalist!

A curious fact is related concerning the pennies of William IV., which have now become very scarce. The copper of which these coins were made was discovered to contain a portion of gold, so that each penny was intrinsically worth three half-pence. In accordance with those laws of human action which seem as universal and immutable as those of chemical agency, the whole issue shortly found its way to the melting pot!

On a bell in Durham Cathedral these lines occur:

"To call the folk to church in time,  
I chime.  
When mirth and pleasure's on the wing,  
I ring.  
And when the body leaves the soul,  
I toll."

*Notes and Queries.*

From Household Words.

## THE BLIND MAN'S WREATH.

"My boy, my poor blind boy!"

This sorrowful exclamation broke from the lips of Mrs. Owen, as she lay upon the couch to which a long and wasting illness had confined her, and whence she well knew she was never more to rise.

Her son, the only child of her widowed hearth, the sole object of her cares and affections, knelt beside her, his face bowed upon her pillow, for now only, in a moment of solemn communion with his mother, had she revealed the fatal truth, and told him she must soon die! He had watched, and hoped, and trembled for many weary months, but never yet had he admitted to himself the possibility of losing her; her fading cheek and sunken eye could not reveal to him the progress of decay, and so long as the loved voice maintained its music to his ear and cheered him with promise of improvement, so long as her hand still clasped his, he had hoped she would recover.

He had been blind since he was three years old; stricken by lightning, he had totally lost his sight. A dim remembrance of his widowed mother's face, her smoothly braided hair, and flowing white dress, was one of the few recollections entwined with the period before all became dark to him.

The boy grew up, tall, slender, delicate, with dark pensive eyes which bore no trace of the calamity that had destroyed their powers of vision; grave, though not sad; dreamy, enthusiastic, and requiting his mother's care with the deepest veneration and tenderness. In the first years of his childhood, and also whenever his education did not take them to London and elsewhere, they had resided near a town on the sea-coast, in one of the prettiest parts of England.

Independently of the natural kindness which very rarely fails to be shown towards any person who is blind, there was that about both the widow and her son which invariably rendered them acceptable guests; for their intellectual resources, and powers of conversation, were equally diversified and uncommon. Mrs. Owen had studied much in order to teach her son, and thus, by improving her natural abilities, had become a person of no common stamp; her intellectuality, however, being always subservient to, and fitly shadowed by, the superior feminine attributes of love, gentleness, and sympathy; for Heaven help the woman in whom these gifts are not predominant over any mental endowments whatsoever.

When they walked out together his mother took his arm; he was proud of that, he liked to fancy he was some support to her, and many pitying eyes used latterly to follow the figure of the widow in the black dress she constantly wore, and the tall pale son on whom she leaned confidently, as if striving with a sweet deception to convince him that he was indeed the staff of her declining strength. But gradually the mother's form grew bent, her

step dragged wearily along, and the expression of her face indicated increasing weakness. The walks were at an end; and before long she was too feeble to leave her bed, excepting to be carried to a summer parlor, where she lay upon a sofa beside an open window, with flowers twining around the casement, and the warm sunshine filling all things with joy, save her foreboding heart and the anxious son who incessantly hung over her. Friends often came to visit them, and turned away with a deep sadness as they noted the progress of her malady, and heard the blind man ask each time whether they did not think her better—oh surely a little better than when they had last beheld her?

Among all these, no friend was so welcome or brought such solace to the sick room as Mary Parker, a joyous girl of nineteen, one of the beauties of the county, and the admiration and delight of all who knew her. Mrs. Owen had danced Mary upon her knee, and Edward used to weave baskets and make garlands for her when he was a boy of twelve, and she a little fairy of six years old or thereabouts, stood beside him, praising his skill, and wondering how he could manage so cleverly though blind. None of his childish companions ever led him so carefully as Mary, or seemed so much impressed with his mental superiority; she would leave those games of her playmates in which his blindness prevented him from joining, and would listen for hours to the stories with which his memory was well stored, or which his own imagination enabled him to invent.

As she grew up there was no change in the frank and confiding nature of their intercourse. Mary still made him the recipient of her girlish secrets, and plans, and dreams, just as she had done of her little griefs and joys in childhood; asked him to quote his favorite passages of poetry, or station herself near him at the piano, suggesting subjects for him to play, which he extemporised at her bidding. Bright and blooming as Mary was, the life of every party, beaming with animation and enjoyment, no attention was capable of rendering her unmindful of him; and she was often known to sit out several dances in an evening to talk to dear Edward Owen, who would be sad if he thought himself neglected.

And now she daily visited the invalid: her buoyant spirits tempered by sympathy for her increasing sufferings; but still diffusing such an atmosphere of sunshine and hope around her, that gloom and despondency seemed to vanish at her presence. Edward's sightless eyes were always raised to her bright face, as if he felt the magic influence it imparted.

His mother had noted all this with a mother's watchfulness; and, on that day, when strong in her love, she had undertaken to break to him the fact which all others shrank from communicating, she spoke likewise of Mary, and of the vague wild hope she had always cherished of one day seeing her his wife.

"No, mother, no!" exclaimed the blind man. "Dearest mother, in this you are not true to

yourself! What! Would you wish to see her in all her spring-time of youth and beauty sacrificed to such a one as I!—to see Mary, as you have described her to me, as my soul tells me she is, tied down to be the guide, and leader, and support, of one who could not make one step in her defence; whose helplessness alone in the eyes of men, would be his means of sheltering and protecting her! Would you hear her pitted—our bright Mary pitted—as a Blind Man's Wife, mother?"

"But Edward—if she loves you, as I am sure she does—"

"Love me, mother! Yes, as angels love mortals, as a sister loves a brother, as you love me! And for this benignant love, this tender sympathy, I could kneel and kiss the ground she treads upon; but, beyond this—were you to entreat her to marry your blind and solitary son, and she in pity answered Yes,—would I accept her on such terms, and rivet the chains she had consented to assume? Oh mother, mother, I have not studied you in vain, your life has been one long self-sacrifice to me; its silent teaching shall bear fruit! Do not grieve so bitterly for me. God was very merciful in giving me such a mother; let us trust him for the future!"

Ah, poor tortured heart, speaking so bravely forth, striving to cheer the mother's falling spirit, when all to him was dark, dark, dark!

She raised herself upon her pillow, and wound her weak arms about his neck, and listened to the expressions of ineffable love, and faith and consolation, which her son found strength to utter, to sustain her soul. Yes, in that hour her recompense had begun; in loneliness, in secret tears, with Christian patience and endeavor, with an exalted and faithful spirit, had she sown; and in death she reaped her high reward.

They had been silent for some minutes, and she lay back exhausted, but composed, while he sat beside her, holding her hand in his, fancying she slept, and anxiously listening to her breathing which seemed more than usually oppressed. A rustling was heard amid the flowers at the window, and a bright young face looked in.

"Hush!" said Edward, recognising the step, "Hush, Mary, she is asleep!"

The color and the smiles alike passed from Mary's face, when she glided into the room. "Oh! Edward, Edward, she is not asleep, she is very, very ill!"

"Mary! darling Mary!" said the dying lady, with difficulty rousing herself; "I have had such a pleasant dream; but I have slept too long. It is night. Let them bring candles. Edward, I cannot see you now."

Night, and the sun so brightly shining! The shadows of the grave were stealing fast upon her.

Other steps now sounded in the room, and many faces gathered round the couch; but the blind man heard nothing—was conscious of nothing, save the painful labored respiration, the tremulous hand that fluttered in his own, the broken sentences.

"Edward, my dearest, take comfort. I have hope. God is indeed merciful."

"Oh, Edward, do not grieve so sadly! It breaks my heart to see you cry. For her sake be calm—for my sake, too!" Mary knelt down beside him, and endeavored to soothe the voiceless anguish which it terrified her to witness.

Another interval, when no sound broke the stillness that prevailed; and again Mrs. Owen opened her eyes, and saw Mary kneeling by Edward's side. They were associated with the previous current of her thoughts, and a smile lighted up her face.

"As I wished, as I prayed, to die! My children both. Kiss me, Mary, my blessing, my consoler! Edward, nearer, nearer! Child of so many hopes and prayers—all answered now!" And with her bright vision unalloyed, her rejoicing soul took wing, and knew sorrow and tears no more.

Four months had passed since Mrs. Owen's death, and her son was still staying at Woodlands, the residence of Mary's father, Colonel Parker, at about two miles' distance from Edward Owen's solitary home; hither had he been prevailed upon to remove, after the first shock of his grief had subsided.

Colonel and Mrs. Parker were kind-hearted people, and the peculiar situation of Edward Owen appealed to their best feelings, so they made no opposition to their children devoting themselves unceasingly to him, and striving by every innocent device, to render his affliction less poignant and oppressive. But kind as all the family were, still all the family were as nothing compared to Mary, who was always anxious to accompany him in his walks, seemed jealous of her privilege as his favorite reader, and claimed to be his silent watchful companion, when, too sad even to take an interest in what she read, he leaned back wearily in his chair, and felt the soothing influence of her presence. As time wore on, and some of his old pursuits resumed their attractions for him, she used to listen for hours as he played upon the piano. She would sit near him with her work, proposing subjects for his skill, as her old custom had been; or she would beg him to give her a lesson in executing a difficult passage, and render it with due feeling and expression. In the same way, in their readings, which gradually were carried on with more regularity and interest, she appeared to look upon herself as the person obliged, appealed to his judgment, and deferred to his opinion, without any consciousness of the fatigue she underwent, or the service she was rendering.

One day, as they were sitting in the library, after she had been for some time pursuing her self-imposed task, and Edward, tiring she would be tired, had repeatedly entreated her to desist, she answered gaily:

"Let me alone, Edward! It is so pleasant to go through a book with you; you make such nice reflections, and point out all the finest passages, and explain the difficult parts so clearly, that it does me more good than a dozen read-

ings by myself. I shall grow quite clever now we have begun our literary studies."

"Dear Mary, say rather, ended; for you know this cannot always go on so. I must return to my own house next week; I have trespassed on your father's hospitality, indulgence, and forbearance too long."

"Leave us, Edward!" and the color deepened in her cheeks, and tears stood in her bright eyes. "Not yet!"

"Not yet? The day would still come, dearest, delay it as I might, and is it manful thus to shrink from what must and ought to be? I have to begin life in earnest, and if I falter at the onset, what will be the result? I have arranged everything: Mr. Glen, our clergyman, has a cousin, an usher in a school, who wishes for retirement and country air. I have engaged him to live with me as companion and reader. Next week he comes; and then, Mary, farewell to Woodlands!"

"No, not farewell, for you must come here very often; and I must read to you still, and you must teach me still, and tell me in your own noble thoughts and beautiful language of better and higher things than I once used to care for. And then our walks—oh Edward, we must continue to see the sunset from the cliffs, sometimes, together. You first taught me how beautiful it was. I told you of the tints upon the sky and upon the sea, and upon the boats with their glistening sails, and you set the view before me in all its harmony and loveliness, brought it home to my heart, and made me feel how cool and luscious I had been before."

"Ah, Mary," said Edward mournfully, "near you, I am no longer blind!"

The book she had been reading fell unheeded on the ground, she trembled, her color went and came, as she laid her hand timidly on his arm; indescribable tenderness, reverence, and compassion were busy within her soul.

"Edward, you will not change in any thing towards us; this new companion need not estrange you from your oldest and dearest friends—your mother's friends! Let me always be your pupil, your friend, your—sister!"

"Sustainer, consoler, guide! Sister above all, oh yes, my sister! Best and sweetest title—say it again, Mary, say it again!" and seizing her hand he kissed it passionately, and held it for a moment within his own. Then as suddenly relinquishing it, he continued in an altered tone, "My sister and my friend, until another comes to claim a higher privilege, and Mary shall be for ever lost to me!"

She drew back, and a few inaudible words died away upon her lips; he could not see her appealing tearful eyes. Mistaking the cause of her reserve, he made a strong effort to regain composure.

"Do you remember when you were a child, Mary, how ambitiously romantic you used to be, and how you were determined to become a duchess at least?"

"And how you used to tease me, by saying you would only come to my castle disguised as a wandering minstrel, and would never sit at

the board between me and the Duke, Edward? Yes, I remember it all very well, foolish children that we were! But I, at least know better now; I am not ambitious in that way any longer."

"In that way? In what direction then do your aspirations tend?"

"To be loved," said Mary fervently; "to be loved, Edward, with all the trust and devotedness of which a noble nature is susceptible—to know that the heart on which I lean has no thought save for me—to be certain that, with all my faults and waywardness, I am loved for myself alone, not for—for any little charm of face which people may attribute to me."

Edward rose abruptly, and walked up and down the room, which, from his long stay in the house, had become familiar to him. "Mary," he resumed, stopping as he drew near her, "you do yourself injustice. The face you set so little store by, *must* be beautiful, as the index of your soul; I have pictured you so often to myself; I have coveted the blessing of sight, were it only for an instant, that I might gaze upon you! The dim form of my mother, as I last beheld her in my infancy, floats before me when I think of you, encircled with a halo of heavenly light which I fancy to be your attribute, and a radiance hovers round your golden tresses such as gladdens our hearts in sunshine."

"Ah, Edward, it is better you cannot see me as I am! You would not love—I mean you would not think of me—so much!"

"If I could but see you for a moment as you will look at the ball to-night, I fancy I should never repine again."

"The ball to-night! I had quite forgotten it; I wish mamma would not insist upon my going. I do not care for these things any longer;—you will be left alone, Edward, and that seems so heartless and unkind!"

"Mary," said one of her sisters, opening the library door, "look at these beautiful hot-house flowers which have arrived here for us. Come, Edward, come and see them too."

They were so accustomed to treat him as one of themselves, and were so used to his aptitude in many ways, that they often did not appear to remember he was blind.

The flowers were rare and beautiful, and yet no donor's name accompanied the gift. Suddenly one of the girls cried out laughingly, "I have guessed, I have guessed. It is Edward! He has heard us talking about this ball, and must have ordered them on purpose for us. Kind, good Edward!" and they were loud in their expressions of delight; all except Mary, who kept silently aloof.

"Mary does not like her flowers?" said Edward inquiringly, turning in the direction where she stood.

"No," she replied sorrowfully, "it is the ball that I do not like, nor your thinking about decking us out for it. As if I cared to go."

"Look at these lovely roses," said the eldest sister, as they were selecting what each should wear; "would not Mary look well with a wreath of these roses in her hair?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Edward eagerly, "and let me weave it for her! You know, Mary, it is one of my accomplishments; you were proud of my garlands when you were a little girl. Will you trust my fingers for the task?"

"If you really wish it, if it does not seem too trifling, yes," said Mary gently, with a troubled expression upon her brow usually so serene, as she moved reluctantly away. "But it must appear such mockery to you, poor Edward!" and then, without waiting for a reply, she hurried to her room, and did not show herself again until the family assembled for dinner; while Edward, seated between the sisters who were in great delight in their anticipation of the evening's amusements, silently betook himself to his task.

Early after dinner, the large old-fashioned drawing room at Woodlands was deserted; the momentous business of the toilet had to be gone through, and then a drive of five miles accomplished, before Mrs. Parker and her three fair daughters could find themselves at the ball. Edward was the only occupant of the room; seated at the piano, on which his fingers idly strayed, he now and then struck chords of deep melancholy, or broke into passages of plaintive sadness.

"Alone, alone! How the silence of this room strikes upon my heart,—how long this evening will be without her voice, without her footsteps! And yet this is what awaits me, what is inevitably drawing near. Next week I leave the roof under which she dwells; I shall not hear her singing as she runs down stairs in the morning; I shall not have her constantly at my side, asking me, with her sweet childlike earnestness, to teach her to repeat poetry, or to give expression to her music. The welcome rustle of her dress, the melody of her laugh, will soon become rare sounds to me! Within, around, beyond, all is dark, hopeless, solitary. Life stretches itself wearily before me, blind and desolate as I am! Mother, mother, well might your sweet spirit shrink when you contemplated this for your miserable son!—How strange those last words! I thought of them to-day, while I made her wreath of roses, and when her sisters told me of the numbers who flock around her. Every flower brought its warning and its sting!"

"Edward, have I not made haste? I wished to keep you company for a little while, before we set out. You must be so sad! Your playing told me you were sad, Edward."

She was standing by him in all the pride of her youth and loveliness; her white dress falling in a cloud-like drapery around her graceful form, her sunny hair sweeping her shoulders, and the wreath surmounting a brow on which innocence and truth were impressed by Nature's hand.

The sense of her beauty, of an exquisite harmony about her, was clearly perceptible to the blind man; he reverently touched the flowing robe, and placed his hand upon the flowery wreath.

"Will you think of me, dearest, to-night?"

You will carry with you something to remind you of me. When you are courted, worshipped, envied, and hear on every side praises of your beauty, give a passing thought to Edward who lent his little help to its adornment."

"Edward, how can you speak so mockingly! You know that in saying this you render me most miserable."

"Miserable! With roses blooming on your brow, and hope exulting in your heart; when life smiles so brightly on you, and guardian angels seem to hover round your path!"

He spoke in a manner that was unusual to him; she leaned thoughtfully against the piano, and, as if unconscious of what she was doing, disengaged the garland from her hair.

"These poor flowers have no bloom, and this bright life of mine, as you think it, has no enjoyment when I think of you, sad, alone, unhappy, returning to your desolate home, Edward."

"Dearest," he returned, inexpressibly moved, "do not grieve for me. Remember my mother left her blessing there!"

"Was it only for you Edward?"

There is a moment's silence; he covers his face with his hands, his lofty self-denying spirit wrestles with himself: when gently the wreath is laid upon his knee, her arm is passed around his neck, her head with its glory of golden locks is bowed upon his breast.

"Oh, Edward, take the wreath, and with it take myself if I deserve it! Tell me that you are not angry, that you do not despise me for this—I have been so unhappy, I have so long wished to speak to you.—"

"Mary, Mary, forbear! You try me beyond my strength; beloved of my soul, light of my sightless eyes, dearer to me than language can express, you must not thus throw yourself away."

He would disengage the arm that is clinging to his neck, but she nestles closer still.

"Mary!" he cries wildly, "remember! Blind, blind!"

"Not blind near me; not blind for me. Here, Edward, here my resting place is found; nothing but death shall separate me from you. I am yours, your friend, your consoler, your wife. Oh, tell me you are glad."

Glad! His previous resolutions, his determination to owe nothing to her pitying love, all faded in the unequalled happiness of that hour, nor ever returned to cloud the life which Mary's devotion rendered henceforth blessed.

This is no fiction, reader, no exaggerated picture; some, who peruse this, will testify out of the depths of their hearts how, in respect and admiration, they have watched Mary fulfilling the promise of her beautiful sympathy and love. She has never wavered in the path she chose to tread; she has never cast one lingering look at all she resigned in giving herself to him. Joyous, tender, happy, devoted, she has seemed always to regard her husband as the source of all her happiness;

and, when the music of children's voices has been heard within their dwelling, not even her motherly love for those dear faces whose sparkling eyes could meet and return her gaze, has ever been known to defraud their father of a thought, or a smile, or the lightest portion of her accustomed care.

No, dear Mary! Years have passed since

she laid her wreath on his knee; the roses so carefully preserved, have long withered; but the truth and love which accompanied the gift, are fresh and bright as then: rendering her, as her proud husband says, almost equal even while on earth, to those Angels among whom, in Heaven, he shall see her—SEE her, at last, no longer blind!

**THE VOCALIST WILSON'S TOMB.**—In 1849 John Wilson, the celebrated Scottish Vocalist, came to America on a professional tour, accompanied by two amiable daughters. He passed successfully through several of the United States, and by invitation visited also Canada, where large and delighted audiences of his countrymen greeted him. In July, at Quebec, the weather was very sultry and Cholera was in the air; poor Wilson got a chill whilst fishing at Lake Charles, hurried back to his hotel, and was cut off by the fatal malady then commencing its ravages. He was followed by a few friends to his grave in the most beautiful of cemeteries, Mount Hermon, four miles from Town. There his remains rest in an open Plateau surrounded by trees, the dark foliage of pines relieved by the white stems of the graceful birch, the broad St. Lawrence sweeps past below; all around is serene, and winds sigh his requiem through the shadowing bows overhead. A committee, composed of gentlemen in Montreal, assisted by sub-committees in Toronto and Quebec, collected subscriptions, and caused a monument to be erected by Mr. F. Morgan, of Quebec, over his remains. The monument, which is of Brown Picotou Stone, consists of a massive square die, raised on a basement; upon the die rests a fluted column supporting an antique vase, on which is sculptured a wreath of laurel. The height of the monument is fifteen feet. Upon the front side of the die is inserted a thick panel of Italian marble, which bears this inscription:—

Sacred to the memory of  
JOHN WILSON,  
The Scottish Vocalist,  
Celebrated for the excellent taste,  
Feeling, and execution  
With which he sang the Airs  
of his native Caledonia.

He was an amiable and unassuming man.  
*Died at Quebec, July 1849.*

Erected by some of his friends and admirers in  
Canada, 1853.

—*Montreal Herald.*

**THE PILLAR OF PEACE.**—Travellers by that portion of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway which passes through the picturesque vale of Todmorton will have had their attention drawn to a tall column reared upon one of the highest cliffs in the whole of that part of "the backbone of England" which there divides Lancashire and Yorkshire, and situate at a distance of a mile or a mile and a-half from the railway. It was one of those commemorative pillars by which the people in those wild districts sought to express their feelings when the wars arising

out of the French revolution were completed by the overthrow of Napoleon, and we believe not fewer than 203 persons subscribed towards the cost of its erection. It was commenced in 1814, immediately on the abdication of Napoleon, and was completed in 1815, soon after his final fall. Mr. Thomas Sutcliffe, of Stoodley-bridge, supplying what means were still required for the purpose; and there it remained until Wednesday se'nnight, a suggestive memorial of the blessings which peace had brought to the two counties it was placed between. On that evening, however, the people of Langfield were alarmed by a loud noise, resembling the falling of rocks, or of some large building; and on looking towards the Pike-head they found their old landmark was no longer visible, but the stones of which it had been composed lay in ruins near its base.—*London paper, Feb. 22.*

**THE WORD "SELAH."**—The translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew word *Selah*, which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it, and of course the English reader often asks his minister, or some learned friend, what it means. And the minister, or learned friend has most often been obliged to confess ignorance, because it is a matter in regard to which, the most learned have, by no means, been of one mind. The Targums, and most of the Jewish commentators, give to the word the meaning of *eternally forever*.—Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical or rythmical note. Herder regards it as indicating a change of tone; Matheson as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat*. According to Luther and others, it means *silence*! Gesenius explains it to mean: "Let the instruments play and the singers stop." Wocher regards it as equivalent to *sursum corda*.—up my soul! Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah." They are calls for aid and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or if not in the imperative "Hear, Jehovah!" or awake, Jehovah, and the like, still earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear, &c. The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. *Selah*, itself, he thinks an abridged expression used for *Higgaion Selah*,—*Higgaion* indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and *Selah* a vigorous blast of trumpets.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## COUNT SIGISMUND'S WILL.

THE theatrical season in Paris, now at its height, has not yet been marked by the production of any particularly successful pieces. At about this time last year, the clever comedy of *Lady Tartuffe* afforded agreeable occupation to the critics, and abundant amusement to the town. At the Gymnase, the *Fils de Famille*, of which two versions have since been produced upon the London stage, and *Philberte*, a sparkling three-act comedy in verse, full of wit, but rather *Régence* in its tone and style, nightly filled the house with select and gratified audiences. *L'Honneur et l'Argent*, M. Ponsard's respectable and proper, but, in our opinion, wearisome play, had a triumphant run at the Odeon; whilst at the Vaudeville, the *Lady with the Camelias*, who, objectionable though she was in some respects, was certainly, as far as talent went, immeasurably superior to her various imitators and successors, drew all Paris to her seductive boudoir. This winter no play of decided merit and importance has been produced at any theatre. In more than one instance, attempts have been made to proclaim the success of a piece immense, when in reality it was most moderate; and, at the Gymnase, *Diane de Lys* has really had a considerable run; but this has been owing to extraneous circumstances, and to the excellence of the acting, much more than to any intrinsic merits of the play, which derived a sort of scandalous interest from a generally-credited report that the author, Alexander Dumas the younger, had merely dramatised an adventure of his own—altering, however, the catastrophe; for the play closes with the death of the lover, shot by the offended husband. Rumor went so far as to point to a foreign lady of rank as the original of the *Duchess Diana*, and the play-wright was blamed for his indiscretion. Whether there were grounds for such censure, or whether the tale was a mere ingenious invention, industriously circulated by the author's friends to give a spurious popularity to a rather amusing but very worthless piece, it is hard to decide—the one case being quite as probable as the other. The Gymnase, however, boasts of its *Diana* as a signal triumph—which she may be to its treasury, although in other respects she does the theatre no great credit, beyond displaying an excellent cast and admirable acting. That agreeable theatre needs something to console it for the loss of its most valuable and accomplished comedian, Bressant, summoned by the higher powers from the scene of his numerous triumphs to the classic boards of the *Française*. There he had the good taste to make his first appearance in a play of Molière's in preference to the less sterling class of comedy with which he is more familiar; and, both by his acting, and by the enthusiastic greeting he met from a crowded house, he at once proved himself a valuable accession to the talent and popularity of the first French theatre. That establishment just now has greater need of good new plays than of good new actors. It is unfortu-

nate in its authors, and the drama droops under the imperial régime. Alexander Dumas—whose outrageous vanity and fanfaronades, daily displayed in the columns of the new journal, the *Mousquetaire*, which he owns and edits, have lately made him the laughing stock of Paris,—after writing two five-act historical plays in about as many days each, and having them both accepted by the committee, but prohibited before performance—probably because the authorities did not think the most important theatre in France a fit stage for such mountebank feats of rapid writing—has been fain to console himself (supposing his egregious self-conceit not to have set him above all need of consolation) by the cordial reception of a one-act comedy called *Romulus*, which has both humor and character. He has boasted of this little success almost as much as of the merits of his two great failures, the interdicted plays; has published the piece (the idea of which is derived from a passage in one of Auguste La Fontaine's tales) in the *feuilleton* of his paper, where he also printed monstrous stories about his having written it in some wonderfully short space of time. But this clever silly man has made himself such a reputation as a Munchausen that none now believe him; and, moreover, it is very well known in Paris that the piece in question was planned, and in great part written, by an accomplished French actor, much esteemed in England, to whose cultivated taste and extensive reading some of the best dramatists of the day have on various occasions been indebted for advice and assistance, which they have not all been so slow as Mr. Dumas to acknowledge.

The expectations of many persons, conversant with the relative merits of the principal living writers for the French stage, were lately raised high by the announcement of a five-act comedy from the united pens of two of the most successful of these, Messrs. Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau. Both of these gentlemen have distinguished themselves as dramatists, although M. Sandeau is perhaps best known as the author of some very clever and agreeable novels. Indeed, since the regretted decease of Charles de Bernard, few have been more successful in that branch of literature. His style is that in which modern French writers have best succeeded—the *roman de mœurs*, or novel of society, whose attraction and interest depend rather upon accurate delineation and delicate satire of the habits, follies, and foibles of the time, than in startling situations and complicated intrigues. The late Charles de Bernard, to whose charming talent we some years ago devoted an article, and whose collected works have just received the well-deserved honor of posthumous republication, was an adept in the style, and was also one of the most inventive writers of his day. Most of his novels and tales display, in addition to a refined and extensive knowledge of French society and character, much ingenuity of plot and originality of incident. Of the same school, Jules Sandeau has more pathos and sentiment, less originality and wit. Like that of most

novellists who are also dramatists, his dialogue is terse, spirited, and life-like, although less pointed and sparkling than that of the author of *Gerfaut*. Occasionally he reminds us of that clever whimsical writer, Alphonse Karr, but of Karr in his happiest moods, when he abjures triviality, and produces such novels as *Genevieve* and *La Famille Alain*. One of the favorite stock-pieces at the *Comédie Française*, *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*, is by Sandeau, founded on his own novel of the same name. Another of his tales, *La Chasse au Roman*, he dramatised conjointly with Augier, and the piece brought out the other day, *La Pierre de Touche*—The Touchstone—is also founded on a novel by Sandeau, entitled *Un Héritage*. How is it, many have asked, that, with an excellent subject—that of a highly popular romance—to work upon, M. Sandeau and the witty and experienced author of *Gabrielle*, *Philiberte*, and other justly successful plays, have produced a comedy which has been more or less hissed every night of its performance, and which, instead of awakening the sympathies or exciting the admiration of the public, has produced an impression so manifestly unfavorable, that the authors deemed it necessary to publish a letter in explanation and vindication—a letter the publishers of the play have reproduced in the form of a preface? Before replying to this question, or sketching the plot of the play, we will give a slight outline of the novel on which it is founded. Our readers will hardly have forgotten another of M. Sandeau's novels, *Sacs et Parchemins*, of which we some time ago gave an account.\* Those who have read, with the amused interest it could hardly fail to excite, M. Sandeau's account of the vaulting ambition of the retired draper Levrault, and of the desperate and ludicrous expedients of the ruined Viscount de Montflanquin, in his French Wolf's Crag, will not be unwilling to follow the same writer upon German ground, to the ancient castle of Hildesheim, and into the humble abode of Franz Müller, the musician of Munich. We will briefly glance at the spirited and characteristic opening chapters of *Un Héritage*.

It was a great day for Master Gottlieb Kaufmann, notary in the little German town of Muhlstadt. Count Sigismund Hildesheim was just dead, and his will was to be opened in presence of his assembled relatives. Gottlieb, attired in suitable sables, the silver buckles of his shoes replaced by others of burnished steel, fidgetted to and fro between his study and his office, his office and his drawing-room, scolding his clerks, sending away clients, and watching the clock, whose lazy hands, he thought, crept more slowly than usual round the dial. Noon was the hour fixed for the reading of the will, and as yet it was but nine. It was an anxious morning for the worthy notary. The very pig-tail that dangled from his nape quivered with impatience. The cause of his excitement was his doubt whether the heir to the castle and

fine estate of Hildesheim would continue to employ him. There were other notaries at Muhlstadt, and all were eager to secure so rich a client. Master Gottlieb had spared no pains to retain the lucrative employment. His drawing-room chairs, stripped of the cases that usually protected them from the pranks of the flies, were drawn round a table spread with an old scarlet velvet cover; near this table, another chair, elevated upon a temporary platform, seemed to preside over the absent assembly. From time to time, Master Gottlieb seated himself in it, studied his gestures and attitude, and contemplated his reflection in a glass, endeavoring to combine regret and obsequiousness in the expression of his habitually jovial physiognomy. His face was to do double duty—to deplore the departed and offer his services to the survivors. Further to propitiate the clients he desired to secure, Master Gottlieb—himself of a convivial turn, fond of a cool bottle and a merry catch—had prepared, in an adjoining room, an elegant collation. On a cloth of dazzling whiteness were temptingly displayed cold meats, fragrant fruits, and antique flasks, dim with venerable dust. The notary had spared nothing worthily to honor the memory and regale the heirs of the departed Count.

Count Sigismund Hildesheim had passed, almost from his youth upwards, for an oddity, an original, slightly crazed, and only just sane enough to be intrusted with the guidance of himself and his affairs. In reality he was none of those things, but a misfortune in early life, acting upon a singularly sensitive and impressionable nature, had decided his whole destiny. As a youth, at the university of Heidelberg, he shunned the society of the students, and, of an evening, instead of devoting himself to beer, tobacco, roaring songs, and political theories, he loved to walk out and watch the sunset from the summit of the beautiful hills that enclose the valley of the Neckar. Returning home, on a May night, from one of these solitary rambles, his attention was arrested, as he passed through the outskirts of the town, by a fresh and melodious voice, proceeding from a window decked and entwined with flowers. The song was one of those wild and plaintive ditties, often of great antiquity, heard in remote mountain districts, seldom written, but orally transmitted from generation to generation. Surprised and charmed, Sigismund paused and listened; then he cast a curious glance into the room. A young girl was seated at a piano, and by the light of a lamp he distinguished her to be of great beauty. Thenceforward, every evening, on his return from his walks, the pensive student lingered at that window. He was seldom disappointed; most evenings the young girl was at her piano; and the song that at first had fascinated him was evidently her favorite. At last—how this came about it is immaterial to inquire—instead of pausing at the window, Sigismund went in at the door, and became a constant visitor to Michaela and her mother.

The dwelling of the widow and her child was humble, but elegant in its poverty. War, which

\* "Cash and Pedigree," in *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. CCCCXIV., for April 1850.

had robbed them of a husband and father, had left them but a scanty pension for their support. Sigismund was as much attracted by the mother's kind and graceful manners as he had been enchanted by the daughter's bright eyes and sweet voice. He had lost his own mother when an infant; his father's harsh and haughty character had repelled his affection. He found a home, congenial to his tastes and sympathies, in the secluded cottage in Heidelberg's suburbs, and there he and Michaële formed plans of future happiness undisturbed by fear of obstacles to their union. But Michaële's mother, who at first partook their hopes, could not repress forebodings of evil when she remembered that Sigismund was the heir of an ancient and wealthy family. Her fears proved too well founded. When Sigismund, on quitting the university, spoke to his father of his projects, he encountered an insurmountable opposition, and was compelled to postpone them. As often as he could escape from Hildesheim he hurried to Heidelberg, to pass a few days of mingled grief and joy. Michaële never complained; she had always smiles and loving words to welcome Sigismund, but in his absence and in secret she pined away. At last his father died. A week after his funeral the young count was at Heidelberg. It was too late. Michaële was given up by the physicians; three days afterwards she breathed her last. More than once, during those three days of cruel anguish, the dying girl made Sigismund play the melody that had been the origin of their acquaintance, and which they both passionately loved. Often, in happier times, they had sung it together, with joy and gratitude in their hearts. It was an air that Michaële had learned when a child, in the mountains of the Tyrol. It had fixed itself indelibly in her memory, and when she died, in Sigismund's arms, the sweet melody was hovering on her lips.

There is something rather German than French in the strain of the early chapters of *Un Héritage*, but they are a mere prologue to the book, and are unheeded by the dramatist. After the death of his betrothed, Count Sigismund abandoned himself to the most passionate and despairing grief. He remained at Heidelberg with Michaële's mother, who would not quit the spot where she had dwelt with her daughter. She did not long survive her bereavement. Sigismund followed her to the grave, and returned to Hildesheim, where he lived in complete retirement, avoiding intercourse with his neighbors. He would not be consoled, and lived alone with his sorrow. When this became calmer, he opened his piano and would have played the Tyrolese air he and his departed love had so often repeated. But in vain did he rack his memory and try every note of the instrument. The melody had fled, and would not return. It had departed with the soul of her for whom he had learned it. His long paroxysm of grief had utterly driven it from his recollection.

What does M. Sandeau now, but send his melancholy hero forth, a pilgrim over hill and dale, in quest of the lost melody so inextricably intertwined with the memory of her he had so

tenderly and deeply loved. After innumerable efforts to seize the fugitive sounds; after bursts of impatience, anger, almost of frenzy, the enthusiastic Sigismund departed, wandering in search of an old song. The idea is fantastical; it may be deemed far-fetched; but it certainly is not unpoetical.

"He set out for the Tyrol; on the summit of the mountains, in the depths of the valleys, he listened to the songs of the shepherds; no voice repeated the air Michaële sung. After traversing Switzerland and Italy he returned to Germany, and his gentle, touching monomania then assumed a new form. He travelled on foot, like a poor student, listening to every fresh young voice that met his ear as he passed through the villages; in cities, on the public squares, when he saw a crowd gathered round a band of itinerant singers he joined it, and stirred not from the place until the *al fresco* minstrels had exhausted their musical store. Whilst thus persisting in the pursuit of this Tyrolese air, which fled before him as did Ithica from Ulysses, it will easily be understood that he paid little attention to the management of his estate. Before commencing his travels, which had lasted several years, he had installed in his castle two old cousins of his mother, Hedwige and Ulrica von Stolzenfels."

Hereabouts M. Sandeau shelves sentiment and the pathetic, and strikes into a vein akin to satire, in which, as he showed us in *Sacs et Parchemins*, and some others of his books, he is by no means less happy. The two old Stolzenfels are a capital sketch. In the whole course of their lives, prolonged to a period it would be ungallant to guess at, they had had but one affection—for a scamp of a nephew, who had ruined them, but whom they still idolized, although hopeless of his conversion to better courses. For this handsome reckless officer, whose innumerable follies were redeemed, in their partial eyes, by his good looks and prepossessing manners, they had emptied their purses, sold their diamonds, and left themselves with an income barely sufficient for their support. They would not have given a copper to a beggar; for Captain Frederick they would have stripped themselves of their last dollar, and have deemed themselves more than repaid by a visit from him in his full-dress of captain of hussars. When Sigismund offered them apartments in his castle, they gladly accepted them, at first merely as a comfortable home free of cost; but when they observed his absence of mind and his total neglect of his affairs, they formed other projects. By nature and habit haughty and sour to everybody but their beloved hussar, they forced themselves to be gentle and humble to Sigismund. Under pretence of watching over his interests, they gradually assumed the whole management of his house, and soon it might have been supposed that he was the guest and that they were his hostesses. When he set out upon his rambles, Frederick, who was in garrison in a neighboring town, installed himself at the castle and disposed of everything as though it had been his patrimony, keeping horses, dogs, and hunte-

men continually on their legs. The servants, accustomed to obey the two old ladies, and seeing that they obeyed their nephew, obeyed him likewise. Meanwhile Hedwige and Ulrica built castles in the air for their darling; or it should rather be said, they grasped in imagination the one already built on the broad domain of Hildesheim. Sigismund, they were convinced, could not live long, leading the strange, wandering, unhappy life he did. Why should he not leave part of his property to Frederick? Why not all? How could it be better bestowed? The hussar, to do him justice, entered into none of their schemes. He drank Sigismund's wine, thinned his preserves, knocked up his horses, and cared for little besides. When Sigismund came home for a few days, the captain made no change in his habits, and the count, for his part, in no way interfered with them.

To the infinite consternation of the old maids, there one day arrived at the castle a distant relative of Sigismund's father, of whom they had heard nothing for many years, and whom they sincerely trusted had departed for a better world. Had a thunderbolt dropt into their aprons they could hardly have been more thunderstruck. Major Bildmann, who had always been rather a loose character, had just lost his last ducat at the gaming-table. In this extremity, Dorothy, his wife, could think of nothing better than to have recourse to Count Sigismund. She was careful not to speak to him of her husband's irregularities, and concocted a little romance about faithless trustees and insolvent bankers, which Sigismund implicitly believed. He was touched by the tale of her misfortunes.

"My mother's two cousins," he said, after listening in silence, "occupy the right wing of the castle; come and install yourself with the major in the left wing. There will still be plenty of room for me."

Dorothy took him at his word. A week afterwards she returned with Major Bildmann, and with little Isaac, an abominable brat whom she had forgotten to mention. This mattered not. Sigismund had again quitted the castle in pursuit of his chimera.

The consternation of a pair of Magpies, disturbed in the plucking of a pigeon by the sudden swoop of a leash of sparrow-hawks, may give some idea of the feelings of Ulrica and Hedwige at this intrusion upon their territory. There was deadly hatred between the right wing and the left. When Sigismund returned home he did not observe this. The two maiden ladies certainly insinuated that the Bildmanns were no better than they should be; and the Bildmanns scrupled not to declare that the Stolzzenfels were no great things; but Sigismund, whilst they spoke, was thinking of his Tyrolese air, and when they paused, he thanked them for having made his house the asylum of every domestic virtue.

Leaving the inmates of Hildesheim to their dissensions and illusions, and passing over a few chapters, we seek a contrast in an humble dwelling in Bavaria's art-loving capital. It is

the abode of Franz Müller, the musician, Edith his wife, and Spiegel their friend. Franz and Spiegel had been brought up together, and had passed the flower of their youth in poverty, working and hoping. Franz studied music, Spiegel was passionately fond of painting; art and friendship scared discouragement from their doors. For the space of three years they wandered on foot, knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand, through Germany and the Tyrol, stopping wherever the beauty of the country tempted them, and purveying, each in his own manner, for the wants of the community. Sometimes Spiegel painted a few portraits, at others Müller gave lessons in singing or on the piano; or when they arrived in a town on the eve of a great festival, he offered to play the church organ at the next day's solemnity. Art and liberty was their motto. In the course of their wandering existence they visited the most beautiful valleys, the most picturesque mountains, opulent cities, splendid picture galleries, and amassed a treasure of reminiscences for future fireside conversation. They resolved never to marry, lest domestic cares should interfere with their enthusiastic pursuit of art. Spiegel kept his word, but Franz, in a little Tyrolese town, saw and loved Edith. In vain did the painter draw an alarming picture of the inconveniences of matrimony; Franz married, and thenceforward his friend deemed him lost to art. It was reserved for the gentle Edith to convince Spiegel of the contrary, and to tame his somewhat wild and vagabond nature. When first the newly-married pair settled at Munich, he seldom went to see them, but gradually, his visits became more frequent, until one day, he hardly knew how, he found himself dwelling under their roof. In a small house Müller had taken, he had reserved a bedroom and studio for his friend. In that modest abode, situated outside Munich, between a front court whose walls disappeared under a drapery of vines, and a little garden crowded with sweet flowers, happy years flew by. Happy, but not prosperous. At first Spiegel had painted pictures, with two or three of which he was tolerably satisfied, whilst Franz pronounced them masterpieces. But they found no purchasers, and the artist, once so ambitious, cheerfully resigned his hopes of fame, and gave drawing lessons. Müller had composed sonatas and a symphony; they were as unsuccessful as Spiegel's pictures. Vanquished by the innumerable barriers which interpose between a poor and unknown musician and the public, he, too, submitted to give lessons. With strict economy they managed to live, but they laid by nothing; and Müller was often uneasy when he thought of the future, and of the two beautiful children Edith had born him.

"One evening, during Spiegel's absence from Munich, Franz came home with a more care-laden brow than usual, and Edith sat down to the piano and sang a favorite air, which had more than once dispelled his momentary melancholy. The window was open, and her voice, fresh, pure, and sonorous, was audible outside the house. Franz listened, his gloom gradually

softening into reverie, whilst Herman and Margaret rolled upon the carpet like kittens at play. That young woman, whose fair hair fell in abundant tresses upon her bare shoulders—those two fine children, joyously gambolling—the dreamer whose hand sustained his thoughtful brow, composed a charming picture. Suddenly a stranger appeared, and paused upon the threshold of the apartment. He had entered so gently, that none had heard his steps or now observed his presence. Edith continued her song; the intruder listened motionless, and in apparent ecstasy, whilst silent tears coursed down his pale cheeks prematurely furrowed by pain or sorrow."

At the stranger's entreaty, Edith again and again repeated the song, which was from her native Tyrol. He listened with deep emotion. By ordinary persons he might have been deemed mad or intrusive, and received accordingly; but he had had the good fortune to fall amongst artists. He passed the evening with them, conversing as kindly and familiarly as though they had been old friends. He found means to draw out Franz, to make him speak of himself, his hopes and wishes, his discouragements and disappointments, his long-cherished desire for fame, his uneasiness about the prospects of his children. Then he asked him to play a piece of his own composition. Müller played one of his best sonatas, to which the stranger listened with the attention of a judge who will not lightly decide. The piece played out, he seemed thoughtful, but said nothing. Poor Müller, who had expected applause, consoled himself by thinking that the eccentric stranger did not understand music. Instead of praising the fine composition he had just heard, the unbidden guest, so kindly welcomed, turned to Edith and asked her for a copy of the Tyrolese air. She had never seen it noted, she said, and doubted if it ever had been, but Franz would note it for him. "Most willingly" was the reply of the good-tempered artist, who could not repress a smile at the ill success of his own performance. In a very few minutes he had covered a sheet of music-paper with spots and scratches. Edith graciously offered it to the stranger. He seized it with an expression of grateful joy, glanced hastily over it, pressed Edith's hand to his lips, cast an affectionate glance at the children, and left the house, as he had entered it, swift and noiseless as a shadow. He had not mentioned his name; his kind host had not inquired it; they never saw him again.

On a certain evening Count Sigismund returned to Hildesheim Castle, after one of his long absences, his countenance lighted up with a mysterious joy. He spoke to no one, put aside the servants who crowded round him, and shut himself up in his apartment. Soon his piano was heard resounding under his fingers; he at last had found the air he so long had sought. But he did not long enjoy his victory. He had worn himself out in pursuit of his mania. One morning, subsequent to a night during great part of which the piano had been continually heard, a servant entered his room.

Sigismund was still seated at the instrument, one hand resting on the keys, the other hanging by his side, his eyes closed, his mouth half open and smiling. He seemed to sleep, but he was dead.

There were present at the reading of Count Sigismund von Hildesheim's last will and testament, the two ladies Stolzenfels; Major Bildmann, a broken-down gambler of braggadocio air and vinous aspect; his wife Dorothy, whose thin pale lips, and sharp, hooked nose, gave her no small resemblance to a bird of prey; and their son Isaac, a horrible urchin with the profile of a frog and a head of scrubby white hair, who having been ordered by his mother to behave decorously, and look sorrowful, had given his features a sulky twist, which considerably augmented their naturally evil expression. The opposed camps of Bildmann and Stolzenfels observed each other with dislike and distrust. After some waiting, the gallop of a horse was heard, and Captain Frederick entered, whip in hand, and his boots covered with dust. All who were interested being thus assembled, Master Gottlieb broke the seals of the will, which the Count had deposited in his keeping a month before his death. Divested of customary formalities and of preliminary compliments to the family, the contents of the document were in substance as follows:—

"My mother's two cousins, Hedwige and Ulrica von Stolzenfels, have at all times shown me the most disinterested affection. To leave me more leisure and liberty, they have kindly taken the management of my house, and have superintended, with unceasing zeal and activity, that of my estates. Frederick, by his youth and gaiety, has enlivened my dwelling. To him I am indebted for the only cheerful moments I for many years have known. Since their establishment under my roof, the Stolzenfels have proved themselves my affectionate and devoted friends; their conduct has excited my admiration and respect, and I desire they should know that I duly appreciate it."

About this time Hedwige and Ulrica seemed to grow several inches taller, and cast a triumphant glance at the major and Dorothy. As to Frederick, who, since the reading began, had been sketching with the point of his horse-whip, upon the dusty surface of one of his boots, a likeness of Master Gottlieb, he gave the last touch to his work, and commenced upon the other foot the portrait of Isaac. The notary continued.

"The straightforward frankness and integrity of Major Bildmann have been, I here declare, a great consolation to me, after the deceptions of all kinds that I experienced in my youth. Mrs. Bildmann has vied with my mother's cousins in zeal and devotedness. The complete absence of all self-interested views has given a noble and affecting character to their rivalry. In return for so much attention and care, they neither asked nor expected other reward than my affection. The Bildmanns have an equal right with the Stolzenfels to my gratitude."

This became puzzling. A division of the property was the most natural inference. Mas-

ter Gottlieb, dubious where to seek the rising sun, smiled benignly on all around. Urged by the impatient hussar, he resumed the reading of the will.

"At Munich, at No. 9, in the street of the Armourers, lives a young musician, Franz Müller by name. He has hitherto contrived, by hard work, by giving lessons, to support his wife and children, who tenderly love him. But Müller is no ordinary musician; and his genius, to develop itself, needs but leisure. It is to him, Franz Müller, residing at Munich, at No. 9, in the street of the Armourers, that I bequeath my entire property."

It is highly improbable that Master Gottlieb's peaceable parlor had ever before been the scene of such an uproar as this paragraph of the will occasioned. The major, Dorothy, and the two old maids, were for attacking the document on the ground of the testator's insanity; but Fredrick, who could not restrain his laughter at this eccentric close to an eccentric life, firmly opposed this, and the bullying major quailed before his resolute tone and mien. Franz Müller not being present, Master Gottlieb no longer troubled himself to smile on anybody; but in an authoritative tone, called attention to the closing passages of the will.

"Desiring," the singular document proceeded, "to insure, after my death, the welfare of my farmers and servants, which I feel that I have neglected too much during my life, I make it a condition of my bequest that Franz Müller shall inhabit the castle for nine months of every year, and dismiss none of my people. As to my dear relatives, the Stolzenfels and the Bildmanns, nothing is to be changed in their manner of life, and they are to inhabit the castle as heretofore. Wishing to insure their independence, it is my will that Müller shall annually pay to Ulricha von Stolzenfels one thousand florins; to Hedwige von Stolzenfels one thousand florins; to Frederick von Stolzenfels one thousand florins; to Major Bildmann two thousand florins, with reversion, in case of his death, to Dorothy Bildmann. And that he should take from his first year's revenue a sum of ten thousand florins, the interest on which is to be allowed to accumulate until the majority of Isaac, to whom interest and capital are then to be paid over.

"I give to Frederick von Stolzenfels the free use of my horses and dogs, with right to chase over my estates.

"I annex to the present will a Tyrolese air; I desire that it may be engraved on my tomb, and serve as my epitaph."

After listening to this strange document, which they declared worthy to have proceeded from a lunatic asylum, the ladies had no appetite for Master Gottlieb's collation. The major would gladly have tried the contents of the cobwebbed bottles, but his wife dragged him away. Frederick sprang upon his horse and galloped off, taking with him upon his boots the portraits of Isaac and the notary. This functionary, finding himself deserted by his guests, called in his head clerk to help him to drink the health of the absent legatee.

Poor, well-meaning, simple-minded Count Sigismund would have turned in his grave had he known all the mischief and unhappiness, envy, hatred, and discord, of which his extraordinary will sowed the seed and gave the signal. The journey from Munich to Hildesheim was, for Franz and Edith, a series of enchanting dreams. There was but one drawback to their joy; Spiegel had refused to accompany them. "No more drudgery, no more lessons!" Müller had enthusiastically exclaimed, when a letter from Master Gottlieb, expressing a hope of the continuance of the Hildesheim patronage, and enclosing a copy of the will, tied with blue ribbons, confirmed the intimation of good fortune he had already gleaned from a newspaper paragraph. "The world belongs to us; we are kings of the earth! You shall paint pictures, I will compose symphonies and operas; we will fill Germany with our fame." And he formed innumerable projects. Their life thenceforward was to be a fairy scene, a delightful and perpetual alternation of refined enjoyments and artistic toil. Edith partook her husband's enthusiasm; Spiegel at first said nothing, and when he did speak he gave his friends to understand that he could not share their prosperity. He did not like new faces; he preferred the cottage at Munich to the abode of a castle, and was proof against all entreaties. Franz and Edith secretly resolved to buy the little house as a gift to their friend. In nine months they would return to see him, and perhaps, when they again set out for Hildesheim, he would consent to accompany them. Whilst preparing for departure, and burning useless papers, Franz laid his hand upon the only symphony he had found time to write. Carefully turning over its leaves, with a disdainful air, he was about to toss it into the fire, when Spiegel seized his arm and rescued the composition.

Müller had written to the Hildesheim steward to announce his arrival, and to forbid all pomp, ceremony, and public rejoicings on the occasion. He thought his instructions too literally carried out, when, upon reaching, some hours after nightfall, the huge gates of the castle, all decorated with stags' horns, boars' tusks, and wolves' heads, he found no servant to receive him, not a light on the walls or in the windows, not a torch in the gloomy avenues of the park. After the postillion had cracked his whip and wound his horn for the better part of half an hour, a glimmering light appeared, a clanking of keys was heard, and the gates, slowly opening, disclosed the sour visage of Wurm the steward, muttering maledictions on the untimely visitors. Upon learning who they were, and at the rather sharp injunction of Müller, who, was exasperated at the delay, he made what haste he could to awaken the servants, and ushered his new master and mistress into their apartments—immense rooms, nearly bare of furniture; for, even during Sigismund's life-time, the Stolzenfels and Bildmann, taking advantage of his frequent absence of mind, and from the castle, had stripped that part of the edifice, he had reserved for his own use. Edith mentally contrasted the vast gloomy halls with her snug

abode at Munich, and thought it would have been but kind had the ladies Stolzenfels and Mrs. Bildmann being there to receive her. But a night's rest, a brilliant morning, and the view of the immense lawns and rich foliage of the park, effaced the first unpleasant impression, and, having previously sent to know when they could be received, she and her husband presented themselves in the apartments of Hedwige and Ulrica. On their entrance, the two old ladies, who were seated in the embrasure of a window, half rose from their seats, resumed them almost immediately, and pointed to chairs with a gesture rather disdainful than polite. Poor Edith, who, in the innocence of her heart, had expected smiling countenance and a friendly welcome, felt herself frozen by their vinegar aspect. She turned red, then pale, and knew not what to say. Müller, without noticing the ladies' looks, recited a little speech he had prepared for the occasion, expressive of his gratitude to Count Sigismund for having bequeathed him, in addition to his estates, his amiable family. He begged and insisted that they would change nothing in their mode of life, &c. &c. Why should they change anything? was Ulrica's sharp and haughty reply; the count had left them by his will what he had given them in his lifetime; they had their rights and asked nothing beyond them. Hedwige pitched it in rather a lower key. Their tastes were very simple. They had sought neither applause nor luxury at Hildesheim. Count Sigismund had always put his carriage and horses at their disposal. Müller hoped they would continue to make use of them. They were lovers of solitude, Hedwige continued, of silence and meditation. With Count Sigismund's consent they had planted a quickest hedge round a little corner of the park—not more than two or three acres. It would pain them, she confessed, to give up this little enclosure, whither they repaired to indulge their evening reveries. Franz eagerly assured them that none should disturb them in their retreat. Having obtained these assurances, and repelled, with chilling stiffness, Edith's warm-hearted advances, the amiable spinsters relapsed into silence, which all their visitors' efforts were insufficient to induce them to break, until the upset of a table of old china, occasioned by the gambols of Herman and a black cat, effectually roused them from their assumed apathy. The Müllers beat a retreat and went to call on Major Bildmann and his wife, whom they surprised in the midst of a domestic squabble—a circumstance of itself sufficient, had others been wanting, to secure them a surly reception. Franz's mild and gentle bearing encouraged the major to assume his most impertinent tone, while his falcon-faced spouse ventured offensive innuendoes as to the real motives of Count Sigismund's will—innuendoes whose purport was utterly unsuspected by the pure-hearted Müllers. Here, too, there was an enclosure in the case, where the major cultivated the flowers his dear Dorothy preferred, and where the infant Isaac loved to disport himself. As an old soldier, Major Bildmann added, he loved the chase, which was the image

of war. The count had allowed him the range of his preserves. Müller eagerly confirmed him in all his privileges. On quitting the Bildmann wing he found Wurm waiting for him to pass the servants in review. He made them an affecting little speech, by which they seemed very little affected. Then Wurm named them. There were Mrs. Bildmann's waiting-maid and major's valet, the servants of the ladies Stolzenfels, the cooks of the right and left wings, Isaac's nurse, Major Bildmann's butler, Captain Frederick's grooms and huntsmen, &c. &c. Müller inquired for his own servants—those that had been Count Sigismund's. They were all before him. The two wings had swallowed up the body. Wurm felt secretly surprised at a musician's needing servants when the count had done without them. Müller dryly informed him that Count Sigismund's servants were his, and that he made him responsible for their attention to his service. He said nothing to Edith of this strange scene, and tried to dissipate the painful impressions she had brought away from their two visits, by praising the major's military frankness and the aristocratic bearing of the sisters. But he was at a loss to explain why the apartments of the Stolzenfels and Bildmann's were richly and sumptuously furnished and decorated, whilst those the owners of the castle occupied exhibited little beside bare walls. Meanwhile the right and left wings, between whom there had been a sort of hollow alliance since the reading of the will, assembled in conclave. Never was there such a voiding of venom. The self-same idea had occurred to all these disappointed and charitable relations. Edith's beauty at once explained the count's frequent absence from home and his unjust will. She was the siren that had led him astray. Little Margaret was his very image. It was a crying shame, a burning scandal. The old maids clasped their hands and rolled their eyes. Ulrica was for attacking the will on the ground of immoral influence and captivity. The major had always been of the same opinion, but Frederick would not agree, and nothing should induce the major to fight a member of his family. The fact was, notwithstanding his Bobadil airs, Major Bildmann had very little fancy for fighting with anybody. The council broke up, all its members declaring they would quit the castle sullied by the presence of these adventurers—all fully resolved to remain and to wait the course of events.

We must compress into a few lines the leading incidents of the second half of *Un Héritage*. Müller had not been a month at the castle, when great annoyances succeeded to the petty disagreeables he had encountered on his first arrival. Master Wolfgang the Hildesheim lawyer was his evil genius. There was a certain lawsuit, that had already lasted three generations, in which, as Count Sigismund's heir, he found himself entangled. The whole matter in dispute was but half an acre of land, which Müller would gladly have abandoned, but Wolfgang proved to him, as clear as day, the impropriety of so doing, the disrespect to

the memory of the late count, and so forth—and, the most cogent argument of all, he exhibited to him the sum total of the costs he would have to pay if he admitted himself vanquished. It was an alarming figure, and ready money was not abundant with Müller, whom the Stolzenfels and Bildmanns dunned for their first year's annuity and for the legacy to little Isaac; who had to pay for extensive repairs of the castle, for the costly mausoleum which, in the first effusion of his gratitude, he had ordered for Count Sigismund, and various other charges. So the lawsuit went on—to the delight of Master Wolfgang, and a deadly drain upon Müller's purse. The harvest was bad, the farmers asked for time, and grumbled when worse terms than their own were proposed to them. Careless Count Sigismund had spoiled all around him by letting them do as they liked, and Müller's greater activity and vigilance, and his attempts to check fraud and speculation, speedily earned him the ill-will of the whole neighborhood. Gentle-hearted Edith, anxious to expend a portion of her sudden wealth in improving the condition of the poor, was soon disgusted by their ingratitude, and was utterly at a loss to understand the chilling looks, ironical smiles, and mysterious whisperings of which she was the object whenever she went beyond the limits of her own park, to which she soon confined herself. Her servants showed no sense of the kindness with which she treated them; they, too, had adopted and spread the vile rumors first set abroad by the malice of the two vixen spinsters and of the Bildmanns, with respect to the count's real motives for bequeathing his estates to the Müllers. Fortunately it was impossible for Edith, who was purity itself, ever to suspect the real cause of the ill-will shown to her. Captain Frederick, when his regimental duties permitted him to visit the castle, discovered at a first interview, with a rake's usual clear-sightedness in such matters, the utter falseness of the injurious reports in circulation. He became a constant visitor to the Müllers, and was in fact their only friend and resource in the solitude in which they lived; for the neighboring squires, the *hobereaus* of the country around, had not returned Müller's visits, nor taken any notice of him beyond attacking him at law; some upon a question of water-power, which he had innocently diminished by winding a stream that ran through his grounds, others for damage done to their fields, by the trespasses of the Hildesheim hounds, followed by Captain Frederick and his huntsmen. Nor was this all—there was discord yet nearer home: Müller's children, having trespassed upon the Bildmann's private garden, were brutally ejected by the major, whom Müller angrily reproached. The major bullied and insisted upon satisfaction, which Franz, exasperated by a long series of annoyances, was perfectly willing to give him, and a duel would have ensued had not the major, when he saw that the musician, as he contemptuously called him, meant to fight, sent him an apology. It was accepted, but next day Müller ordered his three gardeners to root up and clear away

the hedges of the Stolzenfels and Bildmann enclosures. The knaves remonstrated and finally refused, and, when dismissed, they refused to go, alleging that the late count's will deprived Müller of the power of sending them away. More work for the lawyers. Müller sent for laborers, and the hedges disappeared. Notices of action from the ladies Stolzenfels and Major Bildmann. The villain Wolfgang chuckled and rubbed his hands, upon which he had now six lawsuits for Müller's account. In the count's crack-brained will, drawn up by himself, without legal advice, the letter was everywhere at variance with the spirit. Müller's apartment was encumbered with law papers; he could not sit down to his piano, to seek oblivion of his cares in his beloved art, without being interrupted by Wolfgang's parchment physiognomy. As for composition, it was out of the question: he had no time for it, nor was his harassed mind attuned to harmony. He became morose and fanciful, jealous of the hussar's attention to Edith, who, for her part, grieved to see her husband so changed, and sighed for the cottage at Munich, where Spiegel, meanwhile, had worked hard, had sold some pictures, had paid the rent that Franz, in the midst of his troubles, had forgotten to remit to him, and had purchased, with the fruits of his own toil and talent, the little dwelling of which, when their prosperity first burst upon them, the Müllers had planned to make him a present. The contrast was striking between anticipation and realisation.

No schoolboy ever more eagerly longed for "breaking-up" day, than did Müller for the termination of his nine months' compulsory abode at Hildesheim. It came at last, and he and Edith and their children were free to quit the scene of strife and weariness, and to return to Munich and to Spiegel. On making up the accounts of the year, Müller found that out of the whole princely revenue of the estates, he had but a thousand florins left. He had lived little better than at Munich (much less happily), and had committed no extravagance; annuities, legacies, repairs, monument, did not account for half the sum expended; all the rest had gone in law expenses. There remained about enough to pay travelling charges to Munich. Müller sent for Wolfgang, forbade him to begin any new law-suit in his absence, and departed. He found a warm welcome at the cottage. Spiegel received his friends with open arms, and three happy months passed rapidly away. Upon the last day, when Edith and Franz were looking ruefully forward to their return to Hildesheim's grandeur and countless disagreeables, Spiegel insisted upon their accompanying him to the performance of a new symphony, concerning which the musical world of Munich was in a state of considerable excitement. The piece, it was mysteriously related, was from the pen of a deceased composer, was of remarkable originality and beauty, and had been casually discovered amongst a mass of old papers. The concert-room was crowded. At the first bars of the music, Müller thought he recognised familiar sounds, and presently every doubt was dissipated. It was his own

composition—the despised symphony he had been about to destroy, but which Spiegel had rescued. The audience, at the close of each part, were rapturous in their applause. When the finale had been played, the composer's name was called for with acclamations. The leader of the orchestra advanced, and proclaimed that of Franz Müller.

A few days later, Master Gottlieb the notary received a letter from the lord of Hildesheim. "According to the stipulations of the will," Müller wrote, "I am bound to inhabit the castle of Hildesheim for nine months in the year. I remain at Munich and forfeit my right to the property." Forthwith began a monster lawsuit, one of the finest Master Wolfgang had known in the whole course of his experience. It was between the Bildmanns and the Stolzenfels. It lasted ten years. The major and Dorothy died before it was decided. Isaac fell from a tree, when stealing fruit, and broke his neck. The Stolzenfels triumphed. The hussar redoubled his extravagance. The estate already encumbered with law expenses, was sold to pay his debts. Ulrica and Hedwige died in poverty.

It ought surely not to have been difficult for practised dramatists to construct a pleasant and piquant comedy out of the leading idea and plentiful incidents of this amusing novel, which is by no means the less to be esteemed because it boldly deviates from the long-established routine, which demands a marriage as the wind-up of every book of the class. It is much more common in France than in England for playwrights to seek their subjects in novels of the day, and it is then customary, often indispensable, to take great liberties both with plot and characters, and sometimes to retain little besides the main idea of the book. Upon that idea there is of course no prohibition against improving, but authors who vary it for the worse, manifestly do themselves a double injury, because the public, familiar with the merits of the book, are disgusted to find it deteriorated in the play. They look for something better, not worse, in the second elaboration of the subject, and certainly they have a right to do so, and to be dissatisfied when the contrary is the case. In the present instance, a most unpleasant play has been based upon a good novel. In Emile Augier, M. Sandeau has taken to himself a dangerous *collaborateur*. He should have dramatised *Un Héritage* unassisted—as he dramatised, with such happy results, his novel of *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*. That is a most successful instance of the French style of adaptation to the stage. There, too, as in the present case, great liberties have been taken. In two out of the four acts, scarcely anything is to be traced of the novel, which has as tragical an ending as the comedy has a cheerful and pleasant one. But the whole tenor of the play was genial and sympathetic. In the *Pierre de Touche*, as the present comedy is called, the reverse is the case, and no wonder that its cynical and exaggerated strain jarred on the feelings of the usually quiet audience at the *Française*, and elicited hisses rarely heard within those decorous walls, where silence and empty benches are the

only tokens the public usually give of its disapprobation. From our acquaintance with M. Sandeau's writings, we do not think that he would of himself have perpetrated such a repulsive picture of human nature as he has produced in combination with M. Augier. They have obliterated or distorted most of the best features of the novel. In *Un Héritage*, the character of Franz Müller is at once pleasing and natural. He is not represented as perfect—he has his failings and weaknesses like any other mortal, and they are exhibited in the book, although we have not, in the outline we have traced of it, had occasion to give them prominence. But his heart is sound to the last. Wealth may momentarily bewilder, but it does not pervert him. He is true to his affections, and has the sense and courage to accept honorable toil as preferable to a fortune embittered by anxiety and dissension. The reader cannot help respecting him, and feeling pained at his countless vexations and annoyances. No such sympathy is possible with the Franz of the play, who is the most contemptible of mortals. A more unpleasant character was probably never introduced into any book, and it is untrue to nature, for it has not a single redeeming point. The authors have personified and concentrated in it the essences of heartlessness, selfishness, and of the most paltry kind of pride. Somewhat indolent, and with a latent spark of envy in his nature, the needy artist, converted into a millionaire, suddenly displays his evil instincts. Their growth is as supernaturally rapid as that of noxious weeds in a tropical swamp. The play opens in the cottage at Munich. Edith, Franz's cousin, is not yet married to him. An orphan, she had been brought up by his father, at whose death Franz took charge of her. She was then a child, and Franz and Spiegel hardly perceived that she had become a woman until they were reminded of it by the passion with which she inspired both of them. Spiegel, a noble character, generously sacrifices to his friend's happiness, his own unsuspected love. Edith (the names are changed in the play, but we retain them to avoid confusion) is affianced to her cousin, and on the eve of marriage. Just then comes the fortune. The authors have substituted for the Bildmanns and Stolzenfels an elderly spendthrift baron and an intriguing margravine and her pretty daughter. The love passages in the life of the deceased count are cancelled, and he is represented as an eccentric old gentleman, passionately fond of music, and cherishing a great contempt for his very distant relations, to whom he leaves only a moderate annuity. They have scarcely become acquainted with Franz when they discern the weak points in his character and conspire to profit by them. Treated with cutting contempt, as a mere *parvenu*, by the haughty nobility of Bavaria, Franz's pride boils over, and he consents to be adopted by the baron and converted into the Chevalier de Berghausen, at the immoderate price of the payment of the old *roué* nobleman's debts. He finds Spiegel a wearisome Mentor; to his diseased vision Edith appears awkward contrasted with the courtly dames he now encounters. Their marriage is postponed from

week to week, by reason of the journeys and other steps necessary to establish Franz in the ranks of the nobility of the land. Titled, and with armorial bearings that date from the crusades, how much more fitting an alliance, the baron perfidiously suggests, would be that of the margravine, who graciously condescends to intimate her possible acceptance of him as a son-in-law. We are shown the gangrene of selfishness and vanity daily spreading its corruption through his soul. He quarrels with his honest, generous friend, slights his affianced bride, and finally falls completely into the clutches of the intriguers who beset him. His very dog, poor faithful Spark, (his dog and Spiegel's)—which, as the painter, with tears in his eyes and a cheek pale with anger and honest indignation, passionately reminds him—had slept on his feet and been his comfort and companion in adversity—is killed by his order because he did not appreciate the difference between castle and cottage, but took his ease upon the dainty satin sofas at Hildesheim as upon the rush mat at Munich. Edith, compelled to despise the man she had loved, preserves her womanly dignity, and breaks off the projected marriage just as the last glimmer of honor and affection are on the point of being extinguished in her cousin's bosom by the dictates of a des-

picable vanity. The curtain falls, leaving him in the hands of his hollow friends, and allowing the spectator to foresee the union of Edith and Spiegel. Not one kindly touch of natural feeling redeems Franz's faithlessness to his friend, and to his love his ingratitude—for he would many a day have been hungry, if not houseless, but for the generous toil of Spiegel, who had devoted himself to the drudgery of teaching, that Franz might have leisure to mature the genius for which his partial friend gave him exaggerated credit—his false pride and his ridiculous vanity. He is left rich, but miserable. That which he has wilfully lost can be dispelled neither by the enjoyments wealth procures, nor by the false friends who hang on him but to plunder him. In their vindication, the authors insist on "the terrible morality" of their *denouement*. We admit it, but do not the less persist in the opinion that their play, although by no means devoid of wit and talent, leaves a most painful and disagreeable impression upon the mind. It presents the paradoxical and complicated phenomenon of a comedy which has been censured by press and public and yet continues to be performed; which draws tolerably numerous audiences, and is invariably received with symptoms of disapprobation.

JOHN MARTIN.—The death of Mr. Martin, which belongs to the present week's obituary, bereaves us of the one among our artists who was probably the best known abroad. In France his name seems to be equally familiar as in England, and his fame perhaps more permanently established. In Belgium, he was Knight of Leopold and historical painter to the King—at Antwerp, an honorary member of the Academy of Fine Arts; and he had, in his own words, "received splendid marks of approbation from five of the most distinguished sovereigns in Europe."

The announcement carries one back in thought to a time when no words of admiration were deemed too glowing or comprehensive to express the opinion of Martin's "sublimity." To some considerable extent he had outlived his renown; and not without cause. He had certainly outlived the imitation of his style; which fact of itself is sufficiently significant.

Martin's sublimity consisted in space and multitude; but his space was often obtained by an obvious or an arbitrary method, and his multitude might frequently be resolved into repetition. He confided also to a most vicious excess in the first self-evident elements of the sublime—thunder-clouds and lightning, meteors, antediluvian forms, and spiritual appearances. When he came to the human interest of his pictures—and this was very often their essential quite as much as any grandeur of external nature—he lost himself; lost himself not only because his figures were small and unmeaning, but by depending on mere theatrical claptrap for such effect as they did possess—blazing gems, coronets, and seeming royal robes. In execution he had minuteness without elaboration.

After making every right deduction, however,

Martin remains a man of genius. The sublime he apprehended was that which every one apprehends; but he was in a great measure original in painting it, and he grasped it with passion and intensity. There are works of Martin's which, though they can be argued out of their sublimity, cannot, we think, be entirely stripped of it to the beholder's eye. One may admit that his resources are those of a second-rate intellect; but he has calculated his effect, and produces it. We would instance, as the first that occurs to us, the Eve of the Deluge, with its paradisaical earth and the signs and wonders in its sky. Here the beauty has something portentous. Earth is at the acme of its glory; men go up the mountain-side to wonder with joy at the vast expanse beneath and the strange heavenly splendors; and swift destruction is suddenly to amaze them. Still, systematically as he deals in the mystic and preternatural, Martin is not suggestive. An unflinching property of the highest genius is to work as it were half unconsciously, to suggest or express something beyond the precise intention, to leave some scope for the spectator's imagination. Martin has nothing of this. He means in each point exactly what you interpret him to mean—neither more nor less; and enforces it in a method as palpable as if he were to

"take his stand,  
Motley on back, and pointing-pole in hand,"

to tell you so.

People talk of the littleness of man before the majesty of the creation, and fancy there is something very sublime in that way of looking at matters. This, which is but a half-truth at best, is in art a heresy. It is the very thing which Martin embodied.—*Spectator*, Feb. 25.

From Household Words.

### BREAKFAST WITH THE BLACK PRINCE.

We were going ten and a half, the lee top-sail braces and top-gallant bowlines checked, three reefs out; the ship lying down to the land-breeze, but the water smooth as a mill-pond. It was a fine-weather evening; the sun gone to bed, the moon rising. We were not far from Cape St. Nicholas Mole, and standing northward along the west shore of St. Domingo. Navassa lay far to leeward, and Cape Tiburon—which is Cape Shark—was long out of sight astern.

Ahead sailed the Sybille frigate, flag-ship of Sir Home Popham, commander-in-chief on the West India Station, and our design was to pay a visit of ceremony to his sable majesty King Christophe, whose dominions constituted the northern portion of the island.

By carrying much sail, our little sloop-of-war kept up with the frigate, and we entered the roadstead of Cape Henry at the time predicted. Those of us who desired it, were allowed next day to join the officers of the Sybille, and at seven a.m. we were all present at a grand parade of the garrison, which numbered three or four thousand men.

But who was Christophe? One of the most extraordinary people of his time. He had a black court, and maintained an orthodox Red Book, with a "peerage," and a ministry of able men with French titles, such as the Duc de Marmalade, and the Comte de Limonade. But these ministers were saved much trouble in administration of affairs by his Majesty's own wonderful capacity for business. Politic, astute, he was governing Haiti with more wit than was displayed by many an European monarch. He drew the string rather too tightly, as after events showed. But his reign followed that of the bloody Dessalines, one of whose generals he had been.

I found all the world speaking French in his dominions; for as all the world that has heard of Toussaint l'Overture knows, the negro kingdom has been based on a French colony. Buildings, fountains, fish-ponds, parks, bridges, all were French. The royal palace was the Tuilleries in miniature. It had its *gardes de corps*, its sentries *en grand tenue*, its parade ground, levelled and in the trimmest order. The town, however, seemed to be made up of the remains of former grandeur—a place of melancholy squares and grass-grown streets, now half in ruin. In the old times St. Domingo was tropical France, and Cape Henry—then Cape François—little Paris, having for rival only Fort Royal of Martinique. I speak here of the northern portion of the island; for the south-eastern is Spanish—that is to say, Spanish-negro.

The southern parts of the island, broken into rocks of fantastic shape, covered with foliage and luxuriant verdure, and gladed down to the bright sea in park-like beauty, present a matchless picture to the eye. Were it not for the heat of climate, fatal often to the new-

comer from Europe, and the living things of tropical danger that haunt its waters and its earth, St. Domingo would be an Eden. I have still remembrance of Aux Cayes and Isle de Vache on the south-western shore, and a day's ramble there. The weather was not oppressively hot, for it was early March; but as I walked along the shore—sprinkled, as it was with "sunbeam shells"—the water looked so clear and inviting, that I determined on a plunge. I got into one of the deserted boats, and pushed off into the calm and tideless sea. There could be no danger in bathing so close in, and I was getting ready for a spring overboard in five feet of water, when a shark swam, fin up, between the boat's nose and the beach, close under me. "Thank you," thought I, "for showing yourself. I think I will not bathe to-day, my friend."

I landed again, and rejoined our party just in time to witness a strange hubbub. They were hauling in the seine, a great commotion was inside—fish jumping in every direction, and the water was lashed into foam by some great fellow. An alligator was entangled in the net. We happened to be near the mouth of a small stream which these creatures frequented. The net was landed, and the beast dispatched by the third lieutenant, who struck it on the head with the back of a hatchet, fracturing its skull. It proved to be a young one, of about nine feet long, and was afterwards taken on board as a curiosity. We were then new to the West Indies, or we certainly should not have taken it on board. The smell of musk emitted by the carcase was so strong, that the abomination soon was slipped into the water. After such experiences, we learned to think of English parks and hills, and little English trout-streams with respect; they no longer seemed tame to us in contrast with the richer beauties of the tropics.

I shall be spinning my yarn into a tangle if I do not mind. With leave I will go back to seven a.m., and be witnessing a grand parade of the garrison of Cape Henry. The Prince Royal commanded. He was a stout young negro in general's uniform, a crimson coat with gold embroidery, white leathers, and military boots; all from top to toe—boots, face and lace—shining in the bright morning sun. It was a dismounted parade; for there were three regiments of cavalry on the ground (the Life Guards, probably) and half-a-dozen of infantry of the line, besides part of the foot household brigade. There was scarcely so much glitter as there might have been. The arms, not browned, were yet rusty—perhaps from the night dew—and the cavalry appointments were somewhat dim; in fact, there was suggested to our minds a great scarcity in the island of Bath-brick, rotten-stone and heel-ball. The dragoons were most ferocious-looking fellows. "Dismal the rattle of their harness grew," as they marched past at quick time. They wore the brass helmet of the French heavy horse, with its red hair hanging down behind, and finished with a tuft in front; high boots, green coats, and crimson breeches, with black belts. They

had muskets instead of carbines, huge spurs, and the long straight cavalry sword hooked up for marching. Altogether they looked very unclean and rusty; but fierce, dangerous, and service-like, every man black as a cloud full of thunder. An English officer of Highlanders near me, whom we had brought up from Porteau-Prince, affirmed that the wheelings were precise and well executed, the trumpet-calls exact, each point of war beaten on the drums, and the whole thing admirably done.

The troops seemed indeed to live under strict martial law, and went through a parade in mortal terror. Their adjutant and instructor was a Prussian disciplinarian of unbending severity.

The parade over, and still before breakfast, we were summoned to be presented to their Majesties. The transition from the noise of war without, to the repose of grandeur within, was very noticeable. No man could have gone better through the whole ceremony of the presence chamber than Sir Home. He was a dignified as well as intelligent officer; who, while he sacrificed nothing of position or rank, yet conducted every circumstance of his visit in such a manner as could not fail to gratify the king, whose guest he was. He may have had some little difficulty in keeping so many sailors, most of them very young men, in hand; but altogether, he had no great reason to complain of us—and he did not complain.

The Queen and the Princesses Améthyste and Athénaiside stood in rank as at a St. James's drawing-room, having *dames d'atours* and maids of honor in attendance, pages, and lords in waiting. For the satisfaction of my fair readers, I have great pleasure in stating that clear muslin over purple silk or satin was the general wear. All were in grand costume, and the men covered with embroidery. The marvellous things that had been done by the Court friseur that morning with the negro hair made it impossible for us to confine ourselves to silent wonder at the wigs we saw. Christophe alone was plainly dressed—that is, by comparison. There was a quiet display of regal circumstance about his Majesty that was a little striking. He seemed to have taken Napoleon for his model in attire, as in many other things; wearing the dark green chasseur coat, white kerseymer knee-breeches, and purple morocco boots to meet them. He had the silver cross of St. Henry, his own order, on his breast; no other ornament; and he was carrying a three-cornered hat under his arm.

Thus, then, the royal family of Haiti, held a reception; officiating at it with a French grace, surrounded by a court brilliant in costume, and equal in dignity and resplendency of paraphernalia to the whitest of imperial circles. Having bucked myself out, and again edged myself in amongst those who had the *entrée*, I became the observed of a maid of honor. But I had eyes only for Christophe, and at him I was gazing with a stare more sailor-like than courtly. Mademoiselle de Limonade, the brown and lovely maid of honor, took upon herself to school me.

"*Eh bien, monsieur, comment le trouvez*

*vous?*" which would say—"I hope you will know him again!"

"How do I find him?" I replied, taking my English idioms into French words, "For all the world like Napoleon."

"For all the world!" said Mademoiselle, with some dignity. "But, Sir, the King is for himself, and for no one else."

"Pardon," I replied; "is he not for his people?"

"Oh yes, certainly yes," exclaimed my fair friend, much delighted, and smiling as she made a graceful half-curtsey, which has never been made better in England.

"And I had seen the great Napoleon, then! How? when? where?" she wished to know.

"It was on board the Bellerophon, at Plymouth."

"And what was he like?—how was he dressed?"

"For all the world," I replied, "like his Majesty—except the boots; because, when I saw him, it was after dinner."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Lady Katharine, laughing—but that surely was not a courtly word—"But you have no mosquitoes then at Plymouth?"

The lady left me to tell the Queen, as I supposed, that I was the man there present who had seen Napoleon. From her Majesty, she passed to Christophe, and interrupting a conversation with Sir Home, made to him some laughing communication—*à propos* to his boots, no doubt—and told her story perhaps with embellishments, as a glance at myself and a smile from the King implied.

Breakfast was prepared for us in a spacious room, and eaten from the most superb English china. There were two tables, a separate one—round which was the royal family assembled—being placed apart from the long set-out, where the black peers mingled with their white acquaintances. At the first table sat the admiral at the king's right hand, with one or two highly-favored lords, and as many ladies in waiting; amongst whom figured the damsel who had favored me with her attention. The entertainment was—except the Coalbrook Dale breakfast service—in all respects French. Light wines were there in profusion, claret of the best, preserved fruits, and more substantial though at the same time more mysterious products of Parisian cookery. Of course, too, there was delicious coffee.

I sat down between two dukes, whose titles I failed to catch; though one sounded like De Bossu, and over him I upset a bowl of brandy-fruit, in turning quickly to the elbow-touch of a servant. Great was the discomfiture of my noble friend, who struggled in vain to remove the syrup with his doyley, from velvet cuff and gold embroidery, and continually muttered, in terms fortunately unintelligible to me, what I have no doubt were maledictions on the awkwardness of all sea-fearing people. The king soon after this rose from the table, and all followed his example, when my thick-set neighbor De Bossu had to sustain the stifled laughter and condolence of his peers—and

a great deal more pity from the peeresses who gathered around. I was quietly informed that my friend was a very peppery man; and, finding all my own endeavors after peace to be quite vain, I departed, leaving him among the ladies.

We are apt to laugh at some of the St. Domingo titles. Let me observe that the Comte de Limonade was minister for Foreign Affairs, and wrote state papers that would have done credit to a Metternich. These dukedoms and countships were derived from extensive districts, containing fine estates of the same name, and as large as some German principalities. We did not laugh at Prince Puckler Muskau when he stepped from his carriage at Mivart's, covered with orders, rings, and gold chains. Why laugh at Limonade, who is not more given to such puerilities?

Dessalines—prince of cut-throats—having swept the country of every French soul; Haiti lay then at the disposal of Christophe. He did what white men, in like circumstances have done; gave to his nobles, lands—and let the commonalty occupy where they might. He did also what white people have not always done, instituted colleges, and established Lancasterian schools over his kingdom.

It was arranged that we were to go to Sans Souci the next morning—there were several royal chateaus, and one called "*Délices de la Reine*"—but the *Sans Souci* was the gem, and at Sans Souci it was proposed that we should spend a day. Nine or ten carriages accordingly waited for us at the appointed hour, each with its noble owner in attendance; and, into a handsome chariot drawn by six horses, I stepped with a brother officer.

The vehicle was the production of Long Acre, and the silver-mounted harness seemed of modern date. In other respects the set-out was old French;—the postillions wore long coats of pink and green, with cocked hats and tails, and jack boots. They carried enormous whips; which, however, the brisk looking bays were not likely to need. The men bowed to each other, smiled, spoke *Jasmin* and *La Fleur*, caressed their horses, and mounted with a "*ça, ça!*" and a *holà!*" So away we went.

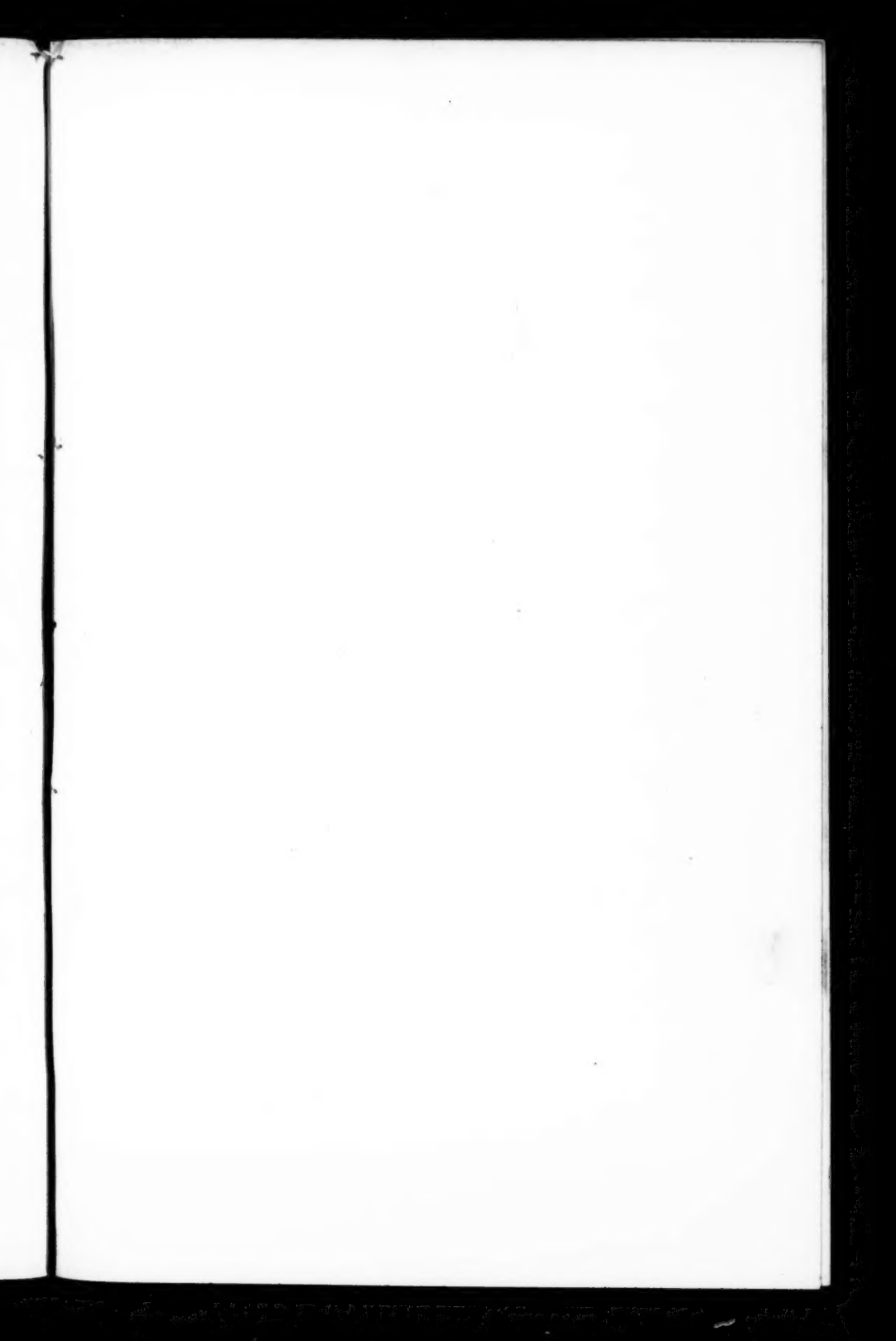
I need not describe our visit to Sans Souci, the Haitian Balmoral. We were told of a strong fortress among the mountains filling the horizon in which the courtiers fabled that there was a royal treasure to the amount of sixty millions of pounds value, no more and no less. We wandered with black maids of honor over lawns smiling with the richest and softest beauty. We dined luxuriously from tables covered with the finest damask, and set out with a profusion of rich plate. We were served by footmen in the royal livery of blue and black, with thin shoes and silk stockings. When the cloth had been removed, though thirty years had passed since then, I still remember the grizzled head of Christophe as he rose to speak; and, being overcome with some thought, passed his hand before his forehead,

and sat down while the breeze was sighing audibly in the thick foliage outside an adjoining open window.

We left Haiti after the stay of a day or two, and were, I believe, at Jamaica, when a vessel from Monte Christi, a port on the northern shore of St. Domingo, brought important news. This was two months after our visit to the Black Prince. My captain, crossing over to the side of the deck where I was, and holding a letter in his hand, told me of Haiti being in revolt, the government upset, the King dethroned. Christophe had been seized with illness;—poison was hinted at. His English doctor prescribed for him in vain; and, while he lay thus prostrate, a revolution broke out. It began with the mutiny of one regiment, the ringleaders of which were immediately shot. The flame, however, spread. The Englishman was offered untold riches, could he but enable the King to sit his horse one hour, half an hour, ten minutes;—in vain. Christophe was able only to think, to plan, and to give orders from his couch, that never were obeyed. Partial risings took place amongst those who had considered themselves hardly dealt with. Pillage began; massacre followed. The royal guards poured out of their barracks into the great square before the palace—Christophe's proposed ten minutes might have bound them to him; but they joined the movement. Obnoxious officers were sacrificed upon the spot, the Prussian adjutant being the first to die. The Prince Royal was forced into the ranks; his uniform having been first torn from his back, but he himself was only maltreated; for being popular, they did not kill him. Christophe, lifted into his carriage from a back door, fled at a gallop for his mountain fastness. The garrison of that still remained faithful.

The Queen and the Princesses escaped on board a merchantman which carried them to England. Amongst the domestics of the palace, there were, as ever, some devoted people who perilled gladly their own lives to save their master and his family. The mountain hold proved to be no shelter for the king against a host. The country rose, the troops followed the flying monarch, and he was soon surrounded in the den to which he had escaped, by a mixed multitude. Christophe saw then that his hour was come; mercy was not to be expected from a rugged populace and a revolted Praetorian band. He was summoned to surrender, and replied by discharging a pistol into his own heart. So he died. The mob sacked his treasure tower, and if they carried away property worth sixty millions of pounds somebody's nest must have been warmly feathered.

As a man and a king Christophe may have deserved his fate; but as a giver of good dinners, whose politeness and whose champagne I had appreciated, he is remembered by me to this day, as a man whom it was surely barbarous to crush.





J. W. Wright.

H. Anson.

*Argentina.*

